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The Independent Republic Quarterly

VOL. 4

JULY 1970

NO. 3



MURRELLS INLET MOONLIGHT

One of 40 charcoals drawn from memory by Genevieve Willcox Chandler while visiting her daughter June, Mrs. Ken Hora of Jacksonville, Florida, 1970.

Only the Inlet separates Horry from Georgetown County and it is part of our Grand Strand.

Edited for The Horry County Historical Society

by

Florence Theodora Epps, 514 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526

HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS

The county with a heart

That will win your heart

— Ernest Richardson

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Should you become disputatious over any item published herein, be assured that all information has been verified to me by the informant named and accepted by me in good faith.

The Editor

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Mr. Don and Jimmy

We who feel the slow stain of time need as much as those who never felt a wound to sense the goodness of great men in our midst. Of such magnitude were a father and son of Horry. Mr. Don Burroughs and his youngest child Jimmy, who died within six months of one another, were men whose lives, by nature of their business interests, touched the entire county; yet men who never sought position nor praise. Horryites are fortunate to experience vicariously the lives of these men whose successful endeavors never dimmed their regard for others.

Donald McNeill Burroughs was born in 1887, youngest son of F.G. and Adeline Cooper Burroughs. He attended the Conway Academy and the University of South Carolina. His native wit and perception, his love of good reading, his retentive mind placed him in the ranks of highly educated men. In 1908 he married Miss Georgia McCall Rogers. His love of home and family was strong. While Mr. Don was renovating the old Snow Hill home of his parents, it burned. He replaced it with a handsome yellow stucco home which, atop the hill, dominates the Kingston from Fourth Avenue bridge to the bend in the lake. Always comfortable and in good repair, the furnishings were never ostentatious. I recall a young man whose father had worked in the logging woods for the Burroughses. Shortly after the young man married and began to earn his own living, he bought an expensive car. In dismay his mother said to me, "I told him 'The Burroughses don't buy any such car!'" The modesty, acumen, and grasp of essentials indigenous to Horry were personified in the Burroughs family.

When I was a child watching Mr. Don walking daily to and from work, my mother told me that he never refused to give to the needy; though not a churchman, when called upon, he never refused a denomination. His spirit needed no prodding to be or do good. It was one animated with grace, strength and serenity. He was as generous to strangers as to native Horryites. His generosity spread to many in need of a doctor, to many a hungry man in need of a hearty meal.

In the following companies, Mr. Don, from the time he was a young man until his resignation in 1966, had served on the Boards of Directors and had held all the offices in each company:

- Burroughs and Collins
- Burroughs Company
- Burroughs Timber Company
- Snow Hill Company
- The Jerry Cox Company
- Chapin Company
- Myrtle Beach Farms Company

When he resigned, the boards asked him to continue as Advisor and Consultant.

His neighbor and friend, Attorney Marion A. Wright, wrote to Mr. Don's daughter, Lella Burroughs Shaffner, on May 5, 1969:

"I went to Conway to start practicing law in 1919. A few years later --- I am not sure when --- the first Chamber of Commerce was organized for that town. D.M.B. was always active in the organization and served regularly on its Board of Directors, to which he made a great contribution.

He had a rather extended service on the Conway City Council. I am sure that the city records would show the period. So far as I am aware this is the only political office which he ever held and to which he ever aspired.

There was a considerable period of service on the Board



D. M. Burroughs

of Directors of the Horry County Tuberculosis Association during the period when Mrs. Sadie Clark was its Executive Director. Again I cannot give you dates. However, since I have been here, beginning in 1947, I received notice that he, Mr. E.M. Meares and I had been elected honorary life members. The Association's records will probably give you exact periods of service. I know that he did a great deal to bring about a businesslike operation for the Association.

I think the enterprise which was closest to his heart was Conway Hospital. He and his associates made a very substantial contribution -- I think \$7500.00 --- to the building fund. From time to time he was on its Board of Directors. I am aware of this because he would come by the office to drive me up to the Board meetings and I always had to remind him, because of his erratic driving, that we were supposed to arrive as Board members and not as patients. He and I and probably others made a trip or two for the Hospital to Charlotte to confer with representatives of the Duke Endowment and to employ an anesthetist. He did everything possible to keep hospital rates within the reach of a person of average income.

For a short while there existed at Conway an interracial group of which D.M.B. was one of the organizers and supporters. I remember that Mrs. Don Richardson, I and a young man from Mr. V.M. Johnston's office were members, as well as Dr. Kelly. I cannot recall other names and the organization did not survive very long but I think it helped to create a favorable atmosphere between the races in Conway.

When I went to Conway the high school was known as Burroughs High School because of the large contribution which your grandfather had made to that institution. The modesty of your father and his brother Frank is indicated by the fact that one of my early legal jobs for them was to get an act to the legislature which changed the name of the institution from Burroughs High School to Conway High School. Both felt that the family name was no longer appropriate since the institution was now supported entirely



Jimmy Burroughs

by public funds. Modesty like that is not often encountered these days.

Although I never served on the School Board, my impression is that he was a member for a good many terms of office.

This is a very sketchy performance. Much more ought to be written and I intend, when I have the leisure, to record my impressions of your father for the benefit of yourself and other members of the family."

The responsibilities of business, property, a large family never deprived Mr. Don of a fine sense of humor. I was told that the attendance teacher visited a home in the country to investigate the children's absences from school. "What a nice home you've got. Did you build it?" she asked the father.

"Yep. Done it all myself."

"And all this land. . . is it yours?"

"Nope, hit b'longs to the Burroughses."

"How nice of the Burroughses to let you build a house on their land!"

"They don't know nuthin' 'bout it," the tenant completed the conversation.

When the teacher told Mr. Don this incident, he laughed louder and longer than anybody.

Last spring I carried Mr. Don a basket of roses from my yard and spent a pleasant afternoon with him, Jimmy and Mabel, Jimmy's wife. Though he had recently undergone surgery, he appeared the same man who daily passed my house years ago. With a fresh, energetic step as he ushered me down the lovely long walk to the lake, I had the feeling of being escorted by a solicitous young man. I did not see

him again, but on the high seas last August, I thought of him all one day, and so in the evening, I secured a card and wrote him of the lively life on the Italian Line. When I returned home in September, Mabel told me the card arrived shortly after he died.

James Howard, youngest child of Mr. Don and Miss Georgie Burroughs, was born January 19, 1923. On December 29, 1943 he married Mabel Lee of Loris. He attended Conway Grammar School, McCallie School for Boys, Chattanooga, and the Ringling School of Art, Sarasota, where he studied fiction illustrating. During World War II he volunteered for service and served 3 1/2 years in the Army Corps within the continental United States.

Upon his return from service, he opened an art school in Conway; at the same time he illustrated for the CATHOLIC HOME MESSENGER, ST. JOSEPH'S MAGAZINE, THE LINK (publication of the Commission on Chaplains), and many youth periodicals of denominational publishing houses. His illustrations for BILLY AND THE BAR-BAR A by Estelle Webb Thomas are charming pictures of American boyhood.

In 1957 he painted for my dining room a frieze of the paddle wheel boat that brought my parents to Conway. The same modesty of his father prevailed here. Jimmy did not attend the showing, but wrote for distribution a sheet called "Notes on Mural Art." I quote:

"Murals are widely used to propagate ideologies and political commentaries, but this seems amiss for a private home. Unlike many of my colleagues, who find the world an angular and harsh place of tortured souls and bodies, I find the world an exceedingly pleasant place in which to live. I have no idea to sell. I would not change the existing order of things."

Now I realized that his talent extended to the use of words. Not waiting for me to thank him, he said: "I think I've found my medium. I like using my whole arm." Yet ten years passed ere he was able to place a mural with his family painted in as the figures and depicting the stages of a man's life in the Thrift Shop of The Jerry Cox Company.

Jimmy was a deep thinker, a voracious reader of philosophy, quiet, genial, warm. In religion, he was a non-conformist, a universalist, one whose soul soared straight to heaven. . . it needed neither trappings nor creed. He was eclectic. During the time of his friendship with The Reverend E.T. Small, Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Conway, he

was confirmed an Episcopalian. He continued to study world religions and philosophies. In 1958 he was employed by The Jerry Cox Company and in 1964 he was elected President. He served on the Boards of Directors of all the firms that his father had served save the Myrtle Beach Farms Company and held office in some of them.

Upon going to work for The Jerry, he discontinued his art classes and illustrating but continued painting at leisure. He accepted and performed his business assignments with the integrity set before him by his forebears, winning the love and respect of employee and customer.

In 1964 Dorrance Company of Philadelphia published his volume IN PRAISE OF ZERO. Though he had installed a book shop in The Jerry, he did not place his book in the stalls. Nonetheless, it won its way into the hearts and minds of many readers here and elsewhere and a second edition is planned. This life so all encompassing, so generous in its selflessness, so direct in response, had suffered physically from early polio and periodic attacks of asthma to a final year of surgery and pain.

The last week in January found him again in the Conway Hospital. Though I thought of him and Mabel each morning, on the afternoon of January 29, he appeared to me as in a dream and I could hear his soft chuckle for nearly twenty minutes. Later that afternoon my sister came to tell me that Jimmy had died. "What time?" I asked. It was the hour that he had come to me.

Like his life, his funeral was a thing of beauty. On the crest of Snow Hill facing the lake, hundreds gathered in reverence for a gentle man whose spirit untied the knots of inversion, self-pity, discontent; a man with business, literary, and artistic talent who loved himself enough to follow the command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," whose love for wife and family remained constant. Jimmy was not a joiner. He never lent his name to good causes nor civic societies. He believed a man's personal life should manifest the words that aggressive do-gooders pick up and bandy about.

Therefore according to his choice, Negro and white ministers served him at the end, men with whom he had shared thoughts and labored for others. I leave you the prayer composed for the occasion by The Reverend S. George Lovell, Pastor, First Baptist Church, Conway:

We thank Thee, our Father, for a brother beloved, Jimmy Burroughs.

We are thankful for his broadmindedness — it helped deliver us from narrow tendencies. . . .

We are grateful for his tolerant spirit — it helped deliver us from drifting into intolerance. . . .

We are grateful for his understanding heart — it helped to give us a better understanding. . . .

We are grateful for his empathy — it helped us to put ourselves in the other fellow's place. . . .

We are grateful that we could see in him what Paul called "the fruit of the Spirit" — love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control. Because he bore such fruit in his life — and managed to pass it on to others — this community is a better place in which to live.

We are grateful that while his body grew weary with the ravages of disease — he never grew weary of well-doing for all men. We believe that because he did not lose heart, he has reaped his reward.

We are grateful for Thy word which tells us, "through love be servants of one another, for the whole law is fulfilled in one word, 'you shall love your neighbor as yourself.'" We believe that Jimmy fulfilled that law. And to him, his neighbor lived all over town. He drew no lines, made no artificial distinctions, was not governed by the traditions of men — but by the law of God.

As we come to this hour, we are grateful for a waiting Father who has promised to prepare a working place for those who love Him and His children — a working place where what has been so nobly begun here can be carried out to completion and perfection.

Because we believe this, we are grateful that we can come to this time and this place with hope and not despair — with joy mixed with sadness.

We are grateful that when we say "good-bye" we can also say "Amen — Thy will be done." And that instead of a dirge we can hear the trumpets.

For all of this we thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.
—Amen.

Excerpts From The Burroughs Family

Lucile Burroughs Godfrey

Some Historical Facts about the Burroughs Family, The Business and Horry County which were compiled by Mrs. S. G. Godfrey for her children and grandchildren in 1960. Bound by and deposited in The Horry County Memorial Library.

It is with pleasure that we present these accounts beginning "Dear Sam", not only because Miss Lucille writes with grace, and charm, but because they are accurate. More and more Myrtle Beach and its early summer inhabitants are pictured in pure legendary terms, but here is the truth, not fiction.

The usual practice then with turpentine operators was to lease the rights, not buying the land, but moving on to new sites when the trees had been boxed and worked out. The land nor the timber in what is now Myrtle Beach area had any value because of its inaccessibility. My father had found that he could buy the land outright for very little more than he could lease it. Of course, there were many, many small tracts acquired in this way. But there were also many big holdings bought in single tracts. With Don's help, I have been trying to get the land at Myrtle Beach more clearly defined. He says that the people there have it in their minds that a big portion was bought direct from the Wither's Estate in one big tract. By the time Burroughs and Collins was operating there, the Withers land had passed into the hands of Joshua Ward's heirs. This had been cut up into tracts. The largest single tract was purchased by Burroughs and Collins from "Buck and Beaty," another from a New York Firm, "Gilbert and Potter." The Wither's tract extending approximately from "Ocean Forest Hotel" to Spivey's beach was bought in part, direct from "Dusenbury and Sarvis." The Todd land came in here. It was not owned by "Burroughs and Collins"—there were several hundred acres. Spivey Beach is on part of this land.

By 1890, or earlier, "Burroughs and Collins" could see that the turpentine business was on the way out. Georgia was becoming the center. In order to market the timber, or to realize anything for this land, it would be necessary to get some means of transportation.

The first train to Conway from Chadbourne, North Carolina, came in December, 1887. This opened up great possibilities. Just when he and Uncle Collins began thinking of a railroad to their holdings in the beach area we do not know. Neither do we know which was uppermost in their minds—the sale of timber or the development of the beach itself. My oldest sister, Effie, once told me that she was with him on the strand and he said, "Effie, I won't live to see it, and you may not, but someday this whole strand will be a resort."

F.G. Burroughs died in February, 1897. The plans for a beach railroad had not been completed, but were carried out by his sons, F.A. Burroughs, A.M. Burroughs, and D.M. Burroughs. The first train to Myrtle Beach ran in 1900. The first survey for the railroad was made by F.A. Burroughs before the death of F.G.B., I think in 1896.

The first locomotive used on the Conway--Myrtle Beach road was formerly used on a tram road made of wooden rails, built from Pireway out toward Shallotte, North Carolina. When the road was abandoned, the engine was hauled by ox team to Whiteville, North Carolina, and later bought by the Myrtle Beach Road. She was named "The Black Maria." These engines had wheels with broad rims so that they could be used on either the broad wooden rails or the regular iron rails.

The first engine to be used on the completed road was bought in New York when the old steam elevated trains were replaced by electricity. They were not large--but were much used in the South for logging and were very powerful. The company bought two cars. One regular coach--the other, open like a street car with seats across and steps running the length.

Mr. Jim Saunders sawed lumber at Pine Island to be used in buildings at Myrtle Beach. The old "Seaside Inn" was opened in 1901. I remember the night when they voted on a name for the new resort. The guests and many of those working there met in the old pavillion. A great many names were written on paper slips and handed in. The only other that I recall was "Edgewater." I thought that something fine and original! Because of the lovely Myrtle which grew there in great abundance, Mama's suggestion was "Myrtle Beach" and this seemed to meet with general approval and received the most votes.

Don thinks the first house built as a summer house was built by Malcolm Collins about 9th Avenue and Chester Street. Before then, Mama, Ruth, Bess, Don, and I, Mr. and Mrs. Dozier, Sally, Jeff, Charley--the Elkins family, Paul and Will, spent one of two summers in small company houses that were being built for the "force." Mr. Elkins was the Methodist minister from Conway--they probably did not stay all summer as we did but they added a lot of life and fun. Mrs. Elkins--who was Lenora Reed from Cheraw--was most attractive. She played the zither and sang. We had a well encased in a cypress log which had been hollowed out. This was a great attraction to Paul. Mama lost various things--Paul said he threw them in the well but his mother thought that he was teasing "Miss Addie." Finally when the kitten went in, she had the well cleaned out, and sure enough there were the scissors, cups, and spoons.

The Martin family was fun, too. Sue, Leroy, Frank, and James. They left a little before we did and Leroy told me to look in the window for a shell. It was a wing shell, big and beautiful. Lots were sold to Mr. Martin and Malcolm Collins the same day. Which built first is uncertain. Sue thinks her father. Both places were later bought by the Company.

Mr. Martin, Sue Quattlebaum's father, had worked at Grahamville--then he was made construction foreman in building the railroad to the beach. Frank had disagreed and discharged the first contractor. When the road was completed, Mr. Martin was the conductor. Mr. Baxley was the engineer; Buck, his son, was fireman. Only once have I had a special train run for me. I was very sick on Sunday and the nearest doctor was in Conway. Mr. Baxley fired "Black Maria." He told Buck, so Ruth reported, "Put the fire to her, Buck, and let her go." Ruth rode the engine to Conway to get Dr. Norton. I can hear her laughing now as she described the trip to Mama. Ruth was drowned at Myrtle Beach on July 29, 1902. The following is from a newspaper report:

Miss Ruth Burroughs was drowned while out bathing at Myrtle Beach last Tuesday evening, and her remains were not recovered from the waves until about daylight yesterday morning, when her body was found by Charley Barron about 3 miles up the Beach in the direction of Singleton's Swash.

Sometime about seven o'clock, a party of fifteen or twenty went to bathe in the surf. In the party besides the deceased were H.S. Collins, Mrs. F.A. Burroughs, Milton Read, a Mr. Johnson, W.A. Freeman, and others well known about Conway. Miss Ruth and Messrs. Read and Freeman were apart from the rest of the party. It seems that there was an outgoing tide, and a consequent under-

tow and they were carried out farther from the shore than they suspected. Mr. Read went to Miss Ruth's assistance when he discovered that he could not find bottom to keep her above the waves until assistance could come from the shore. Some men were getting a boat ready, but there was some necessary delay. Mr. Read became exhausted. Miss Ruth was unconscious, and although trying to cling to him for support, a large wave swept her out of his reach. She was not found until yesterday morning. The boat was too late to render assistance. Mr. Read was picked up in an exhausted, and almost unconscious condition, nearly drowned. The death of Miss Ruth Burroughs is a blow to the entire community. A nobler, more Christian character is not found among young women of today. She was loved by everybody."

Mama, Don, Bess and I had left the beach and gone to Hendersonville for the rest of the summer. Ruth had stayed over, because she was expecting Eva King from Baltimore to visit her.

The trip home was so sad. Old Mr. Barron arranged for us to stay at "The Gresham" which was new, and he knew the manager. He thought this place right at the depot would be better for Mama than the uptown hotel where she always stayed. That meant a long carriage ride there, then the ride back next morning to catch the five o'clock train to Florence.

Ruth loved all animals. I was so happy one Christmas when she made cute celluloid collars for my two kittens--one pink and one blue with little bells on them. Of course, the kittens tore off to the gin and lost the bells in the cotton. Once sister sent a pretty little collie puppy. Ruth went to get him at the depot. It was cold weather and snow was falling. She had on a fur neckpiece and was holding the puppy up close to her face. The picture is very clear to me now.

The first year at the beach, before the hotel, the Negroes ordered a gramophone for their church, this was just a shelter covered with boughs. Evidently their selection of songs was not sent. There were three: "In the Good Old Summertime", "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." They were mighty pleased otherwise, but told Mama, "Miss Addie, dey ain't suit." They serenaded her one night and sang "Home Sweet Home." They only knew these words, but made many variations.

Before the "No Fence" law, the cattle roamed at will everywhere. When there was a land breeze, great groves came down to the strand and stood right at the water's edge, patiently waiting for the wind to shift. Some even waded in the shallow water. There was little green on the beach front then--the cattle and the goats kept it cropped. The beach was white, with big sand hills behind--the myrtle, scrub oaks, growing just beyond.

In those days, Myrtle Beach Sanitary Department was handled pretty efficiently by Uncle Bill Rainbow. He had a cart and mule and several helpers. He made the rounds early in the morning and soon his barrels were full with feed for his pigs. I doubt if it was kosher. Uncle Billy was ably assisted by an old sow and her brood. She began her day soon after sunrise, coming up from Spivey Beach, snorting, squealing, and upsetting containers from Aunt Molly Holman's, the Hall's, Thurman Collins', Barretts', Epps', Freeman's, and Godfrey's. Uncle Billy came along cursing. Garbage collection was colorful in those days. Early one morning we heard a great commotion in the kitchen--the old sow had walked up the back steps, torn through the mosquito netting screen door into the kitchen and ripped open a sack of flour. Mrs. Epps went to the station to meet Miss Margaret Klein, who was coming

from New York. When they got back to the cottage, the sow had eaten up all of the home-made rolls she had left on the table.

One hot day, an old Negro couple drove up in a wagon from Murrell's Inlet. They had caught and boiled a wash tub of shrimp the night before. The shrimp were nicely covered with myrtle leaves for protection from the sun, but Ilo and Frank warned us all of the danger of eating them. It was a major tragedy for them and a minor one for the housekeepers. There was no refrigeration then except the blocks of ice sent packed in saw-dust in freight cars. Sam and Jim Bellamy delivered this in a covered wagon. If the freight was late getting in a night, these men would call out as they approached the cottage, "Ice man, ice man," so that the women who were alone with the children would not be frightened. I was there without Lep from Monday until Friday, but we were among friendly people and were not afraid.

Housekeeping was not easy in those days. Mr. Bryan kept Jule Cooper hired to buy fish, and scour the country for fresh eggs, chickens, and vegetables. If the weather prevented the Negro fishermen from going out at Myrtle Beach, the same conditions prevailed at Little River and Murrell's Inlet. When this happened, Mr. Bryan would order Jule to kill another goat. Finally Jule said, "Mr. Bryan, I have already fed those people so much goat that they are walking around on banisters."

The original "Sea Side Inn" and pavillion was located behind the sand hills near the railroad. My children, the Sherwoods & Epps, used to go up with an alarm clock and light so that the nurse, Louise Rosa Ryan, would know when to leave. Later the Inn was moved down nearer the ocean front, still later it was torn down, and the La Fayette Manor was built by Mr. Woodsides. Now that is gone, and we have a big parking lot and amusement center. Music was furnished by local Negro musicians--with fiddles--Once daddy had a Negro driver, Wade. The hotel guests found out that Wade could play the piano and they would not let him stop--threatened him--he was exhausted by early day light.

MR. CHAPIN

Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Chapin's daughter, came over with Mrs. Lind to talk about Myrtle Beach. Don and Bess came, too, so we could ask him questions and clear up some things. He said that the company went ahead developing the beach on a very modest scale. People from nearby and Columbia and Florence mainly came. Front lots sold for \$25.00 if you agreed to build. It was not always easy to hold onto the land, and they managed to do so by running things as economically as possible, letting some of the overhead be shared by Burroughs & Collins. For instance, at first Mr. Jim Bryan divided his time between the two places, and other similar steps had to be taken. By 1912 they had decided to sell a part of the land. Mr. Hanson, who was here buying and consigning strawberries and other produce to northern markets, was consulted because he had many contacts. He talked to a real estate agent in Pine Hurst, North Carolina. This man knew that Mr. Chapin was interested in a real estate investment--so he contacted him in Chicago.

He sent an appraiser down who spent quite some time studying the land. He gave a very favorable report, the interesting thing is that he placed comparatively little value on the beach front.

A good bit of time had been taken up in this survey.

One day, unannounced, Mr. Chapin appeared in Conway at Burroughs & Collins' Company. He had come from the North himself to tell them that he had decided not to take the land. He said they had been so accommodating that he did not feel that a letter of refusal was quite the thing. His agent had told him that the land was everything they represented and possibly more, but that it was too far from his Chicago and New York interest. Here Mrs. Patterson told us that her father had a prospective partner in view, but the man backed out. She said her father told her that he had gone out of the door, having called the whole thing off, when he looked back in and said "Unless I could find some interested fellows like you that I could depend on." This is how the partnership was formed and I think it has been a happy one for both sides. Mr. Chapin bought one half interest.

SINGLETON SWASH

Don and Georgia ate supper with me and we talked about the early days at the beach. They camped at Singleton Swash. Most of the supplies were loaded on the boat the night before. "The Driver" left around sunrise and went to Grahamville where she was unloaded--the camping things were put in the turpentine wagons and the drive to the Swash began. Of course there was no inland waterway then. The campers would get to the Swash in the late afternoon, planning to arrive at a time to take advantage of the low tide. They forded the creek from the Dunes Club side, probably a little lower down than Franklin's house. There was a spring there, but the water to be used for drinking had to be hauled from Mr. Will Vaught's, two or three miles away. One team with a driver was left at camp to attend to this and other necessary work.

When the boat unloaded at Grahamville, the mattresses and everything was transferred to the wagons. It was a big day for everyone, especially for the children of the family and friends who came along. Those who wanted or needed the wagons, playing games, hopping rides, picking huckleberries, and enjoying the raw peanuts and stick peppermint candy which papa always had put on at Grahamville.

Mama rode in a buggy and I can still hear the sand creaking as the wheels turned. Once the teams got in a stretch of soft sand in crossing the swash, almost like quicksand. The men lifted us out, riding horses close to the wagons. Then they got the teams out. It may not have been too dangerous, but we were terrified; it was certainly equal to a western.

Things were primitive, of course; there was one small house which was used by the women and children. Mattresses were put on the floor. This building was about 16x20---there was no partition. The men slept either in the wagon or on the sand. Later they sometimes had tents. Bathing suits were old clothes for the men. The myrtle and scrub oaks affording all the privacy needed. The women and children, of course, had their own "baths." I remember the stylish suits made of bed ticking, high at the neck, long sleeves, and gathered at the ankles. They wore big straw hats tied close under the chin--sometimes bonnets.

Food was prepared over open fires and on crude platforms with a heavy layer of sand on which to build the fire. This saved much stooping. A school teacher from inland went one year. She had filled a glass bottle with ocean water to take home. I was small and in some way upset the bottle--she was very put out and had a lot to say. Miss Addie was quite provoked with her since she had the whole Atlantic



Crossing the Waccamaw River below Col. C. P. Quattlebaum home at Conway by ferry to take train to Myrtle Beach.

Ocean for a refill. Old Man Milligan lived in this house at one time. He was there during the earthquake and was nearly scared to death. Years later he was waked up by a roaring noise and thinking it was another quake, he pulled the bed clothes tightly over his head. When he peeped out the roof was blazing and almost ready to fall in.

The Singleton Swash tract was bought from a Negro, Frank Keel.

The company sold Mr. D.T. McNeill a place on the creek. He and his family and friends went there many years--they loved it. Margaret and Mr. Hunter were married there. When the Company, at Mr. Woodside's request, was getting the titles and options on small scattered holdings, Mr. Mac decided to sell so that his went into the Woodside trade.

Grahamville was once a busy place and now there is no sign of it. It is ten miles by river and six from Conway. It was quite a center for the turpentine industry, with the store, the stills, and the boat coming up to load. The "Ruth" was the smallest built for the run up the Waccamaw and the Little Pee Dee--even she could not make it when the water was low.

Don had his first job there and roomed with Mr. Jim Bryan at Mr. McNeill's. He was nervous enough on his first day. When he saw a little colored girl was to be his first customer, he felt reassured. But his confidence was shaken when she said, "Mamma say send she two eggs wort o' lard." Knowing Don, I am sure she got good measure.

When Don was a little fellow, one night he was taken very sick. Papa, Mama, and Aunt Binah Scott, who nursed most of us, drive home to Conway to the doctor.

Papa bought "Woodlawn" at Murre's Inlet--so that the family went there. I have a little recollection of it. Don thinks he boarded us with Mr. and Mrs. Parker who lived there. For one season, he sent a barrel of crackers which we could eat between meals--but we were not allowed the run of the kitchen. This trip was made by boat to Wachesaw and then by wagon to the inlet.

WOODSIDES

In 1926 Mr. Woodsides bought out the Myrtle Beach Estates. He carried on the old company's policy, but on a bigger scale than they had been able to do. Lights were im-



Seaside Inn, first Myrtle Beach hotel.

proved over the old plant run by Harry Cushman, city water, wide paved streets, the Country Club, and the Ocean Forest Hotel. The section that this was on was released.

Mr. Woodside had big cotton interests in Greenville. "Islin & Company" were his bankers in New York. His credit was so good that he could always get any amount he called for. Everything would have been all right if the big Depression had not come along. The land was repossessed in 1933. For two years of that time the Woodside were out of the picture. "Islin & Company" was in control. Both parties tried to work out a solution. The taxes had not been paid. A group from Greenville failed to raise the necessary funds. Finally by mutual agreement the land was repossessed. The company had to sell 40,000 acres to pay the back taxes. The deal was pending with Mr. Woodside. The Company went on with the arrangements.

I think it well that you children know the facts. I have sometimes been questioned in such a manner that I knew the person doubted the ethics of the settlement with the Woodside. The relations between Mr. Woodside and the Company was always good--it was just one of those tragedies of the great Depression and the "Islin Company" was not interested in a resort development.

The tract that "Burroughs & Collins" sold to the Woodside interest contained 65,000 acres. Later when the land was repossessed, 40,000 acres was sold to P.A. Meade from Charleston. This part lay between the old highway and the Inland Waterway. Meade later sold this to the International Paper Company. Our Coastal Carolina College is being built on some of this property.

Long ago residents of neighboring Horry counties used to speak of The Three P's of Horry—peas, potatoes, and pears.

PINE ISLAND

The railroad had not quite reached Myrtle Beach our first summer there. Don and I would take old Molly and the buggy and drive to Pine Island to shop. Mostly it was for feed for the horse and cow, but often we were able to get fresh eggs. This, I think, was in 1900--Thad Elliott ran the store.

There was a big lumber mill there operated by Mr. Jim Sanders. The lumber was used to build the old Seaside Inn--and houses for the force.

At one time a Mr. Paletto, an awfully nice man, tried farming and using Italian labor. Dasheens, or elephant ears, were probably started under his supervision, but they were not a success in the Northern markets.

Mr. Gant bought Pine Island as an experimental farm--he was an efficiency expert and felt that a farm should be run like a factory. He laid it off in small tracts and kept records, etc. It did not last long. Mr. George Dorman was manager.

WHALE

A whale washed up near Herle Rocks in 1900 (?). The railroad had been completed to near the present Inland Waterway bridge. Several flat cars were fitted up with cross ties placed around the sides of the cars and boards were laid across for seats. A crowd went to see the whale, walking from the train to the beach. There were a few wagons. The old woman who discovered the whale had come screaming the news, saying that until now she never had believed that story in the Bible. There was a picnic too. Don thinks it probably took the place of a church picnic usually made by boat to some landing down the river.

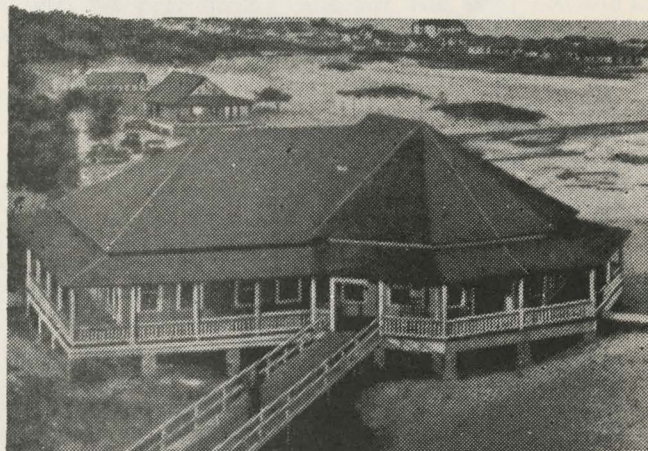
To protect themselves somewhat from the cinders many ladies carried umbrellas, but they were burned full of little holes through which you could see the stars that night when "Black Maria" came puffing home. There was no railroad bridge then in Conway, so the passengers piled out of the cars and into the flat to be ferried across the river. To most of us it was the most stupendous event of our lives.

Mama had taken a white table cloth to the picnic and one of the camp cooks had been so pleased with it that she gave it to him. It had a tragic end. One of the razor back hogs strolled into camp a few days later and made short work of Pete's table cloth and dinner. They say he cried.

FIRST BATH HOUSE

June 1st, 1960. This morning I was in Jerry Cox in the hardware department. Don introduced me to Mr. Bill Cox. He managed the first bath house at Myrtle Beach. To begin the summer season they had twelve suits--six for men--six for the ladies. Mr. Cox said that they were long, nothing showed like it does now. I asked if the ladies did not wear corsets and he said, "Yess, but you weren't supposed to know that--they were hung back to dry." He said he cut the top out of a tomato can, punched several holes in it, put a piece of haywire for a bail--this was fastened under the water spigot to make a shower.

One helper (Bob Montgomery, now manager of farm), whose job it was to keep several barrels pumped full of water soon found that he could save himself some hard work. If the barrels were full and left standing in the sun the bathers luxuriated in a warm shower, whereas they jumped out in a hurry when the cold water struck them. As Don says, there are tricks in all trades.



First pavilion at Myrtle Beach.



First Bath house at Myrtle Beach.



TRAIN TO THE BEACH. You will find in this picture on Main St., Conway; J.T. Mishoe, Depot Agent, J.M. McKeithan, Express Agent, R.W. Lane, Holmes Russ, and John Spivey. Courtesy Elizabeth and Marie Wellons.

MYRTLE BEACH — THEN AND NOW

Ruby Sasser Jones

Last summer I drove to Myrtle Beach to visit my niece. I had directions as to how to get to her apartment, but believe it or not I got lost twice!

Now you, my readers might ask, "What is unusual about getting lost at Myrtle Beach?" Well, in most cases, nothing, but in the case of this fabulous sea - side city, it was an amazing experience for me!

Will you in your imagination go back in time, to the year 1907? For it was shortly after the turn of the century when my father Captain Phil Sasser, took his family to Myrtle Beach for the summer. It was during this summer that my brother Bennett joined our family. He was born then.

The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad had just acquired the railroad running from Aynor to Myrtle Beach from the Burroughs and Collins Company and my father was its first conductor. During the summer the train changed its schedule and spent the night at the beach. This gave an opportunity for those having cottages or wishing to spend the night at the beach, to do so.

At Myrtle Beach at this time was one hotel - Seaside Inn, a General Store, owned by Myrtle Beach Farms Company, and operated by Mr. Jim Bryan and Mr. Jerry Cox. There was a pavilion connected with the hotel, where dances were held, and a small concession stand.

Then for five years, we did not go to the beach due to my mother's health. In 1912, after her passing, we went every summer.

Little change had taken place. Still, one store, one hotel with a new bath house on the strand. There were probably a dozen cottages on the strand. Among the families that occupied these were: The Burroughses, the Don Richardsons, The Eppses, and the Ben Dusenburys.

During the years 1907-1920, the principal mode of transportation to Conway was by train. By horse and buggy via Socastee and Peach Tree Ferry, it was twenty miles by dirt road.

The surf sometimes claimed one or more victims. When such an exciting event took place, a hurried call went to Conway for a doctor to try to revive the victim. Then my father took the doctor - usually Dr. Joe Dusenbury, - aboard the engine and made a quick trip. I never remember that the results were effective. On one occasion, two children, Richard Nichols and a Sessions girl, were drowned. Another time it was Miss Ruth Burroughs, a sister of Mrs. Godfrey and Mrs. Sherwood.

The Don McNeills spent their summers at Singleton Swash, a few miles north of Myrtle Beach. They traveled by horse and buggy.

Just about where Spivey Beach is now, was another Swash. It was here that the Sasser children spent many happy hours crabbing, for we enjoyed this delectable food.

Our only other source of seafood was from small fishing boats that went out early in the morning and returned about

sunset with their marvelous deep sea catches.

In 1920, a large concession stand, and bath house, was built on the strand. The Sasser brothers - Archie, Ernest and Paul operated the concession stand for many summers. In the winter they were students either at the University of South Carolina or at South Carolina Medical College.

The first life guard at the new Yacht Club was none other than Ed Pendergrass, a student at the University of North Carolina and now a Bishop in the Methodist Church, and located at Jackson, Mississippi. He married Lois Sheppard, who father often was an engineer on a train from Chadbourn to Myrtle Beach.

But with its different way of life, Myrtle Beach had a majestic beauty all its own. Great, pure white sand dunes dotted the shores beyond the strand. These were decorated with great clumps of deep green myrtle - hence the name Myrtle Beach. I miss these when I view the many modern

structures, and the fine new streets and highways.

Myrtle Beach, when the moon was full and the tide was low, and the strand was hard, was indeed a marvelous thrilling sight! It was at this time that the sea turtles came ashore and deposited their eggs in the sand, safe from the water. It gave one a yearning to walk in the brilliant moon light, but pray whom would you walk with? For with all this, it was a lonely place for young people. We were glad to greet September and get back to Conway - and to us - "Civilization."

It was after World War 1 that Myrtle Beach began to awaken from her metamorphosis - like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon. She began to become a new, a different thing - the queen of the Carolina beaches that she is today!

So you see why she is to me - a truly fantastic dream city!



View of Myrtle Beach.

My Father, The Captain

Ruby Sasser Jones

My father, Captain Phil Sasser, was known to all his friends as Captain Sasser, due to the fact that he was the Atlantic Coast Line conductor from Aynor to Myrtle Beach. He retired from this position in 1928, after forty years service with the railroad.

He began this service in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1888, at the age of nineteen. He was conductor on the first train run from Wilmington to Weldon.

Soon he came to Chadbourn in a supervisory position in the building of the railroad from Chadbourn to Conway. This led to the meeting of my mother, Rosa Privett.

Mr. James Chadbourn, an official of the Atlantic Coast Line came to see my grandfather, W.H. Privett, who lived one mile north of Adrian, about getting a right-of-way through my grandfather's plantation.

Besides negotiating this piece of business, he introduced my father to my mother. They were married February 28, 1889, and went to Wilmington to live. After three years they moved to Sanford (now Allsbrook), then to Gurley where my father served as section master.

It was here that he taught me, by example, what it means to be "my brother's keeper." For he nursed all the sick in the neighborhood. He had studied medicine with a country doctor at Goldsboro, North Carolina, prior to joining the railroad. So he knew much about symptoms and home remedies.

He was indeed the first, and the greatest "Social Service" worker that I ever knew! But let me say that he knew when a doctor was needed, and often at night he would take two men and the hand car and go the twelve miles to Conway to get a doctor.

Being a doctor was the unfilled dream of his life! This dream was so realized through his children; Doctors Archie and Paul, and his four grandsons - Drs. Jimmy, Marshall, and Charles Sasser, and Dr. McIver Edwards, Jr. Besides these were two daughter nurses: Elizabeth, and Nina. A grand daughter nurse, Virginia Sasser.

And I think this daughter inherited his love for Social Service - practiced along with her teaching.

In 1907 we moved to Conway.



Captain Phillip H. Sasser

His train would be a museum piece today! The engine was an old wood burner that had to stop about every ten miles and get wood, and water. Great stacks of wood were placed by the railroad and a great water tank stood near by.

There were two coaches and a baggage car besides the freight cars. There were no window screens, so it was wise to wear dark clothes. The smoke and soot poured in through the windows. The coal burning engines increased this necessity.

I remember the first Coal Burner that came to Conway. Crowds of people came to the station to see it!

Mr. Henry Baldwin was the engineer on my father's train. He was loved by every member of our family.

Sometimes the railroad company would run excursions to Myrtle Beach - usually on Sunday or the fourth of July. Then they would fix up coaches, and some box cars with passengers standing up. It was a great disappointment to me that my father would never let me take that trip in one of those box cars. Neither would he ever give in to my great desire to ride to the beach with Mr. Bladwin in the engine!

The Captain knew every person that rode his train. He made sure of that before they got off. He loved people! He had a great personality, a marvelous sense of humor, and never failed to play a trick on somebody, if it were at all possible.

His train was put to so many uses! For instance, it was a "potato train" during the potato season. Late in the afternoon, he, Mr. Bladwin, and the crew went to Burcol (about four miles from Myrtle Beach) and picked the day's harvest of potatoes grown by Myrtle Beach Farms Company. Next morning at 5 A.M. these were transferred to a train going to Chadbourn, and on their way to northern markets. Sometimes it was a special train to haul logs!

I think it would be amiss if I did not mention Mr. McKeithan, the station agent. He always co-operated so closely with my father, in his "extra schedule" activities. I must mention a very interesting story about him.

He, his wife, and Cecil lived near the station at the foot of Main Street. Mr. Mac always wore a heavy mustache. One day he went home minus the mustache! My, what a

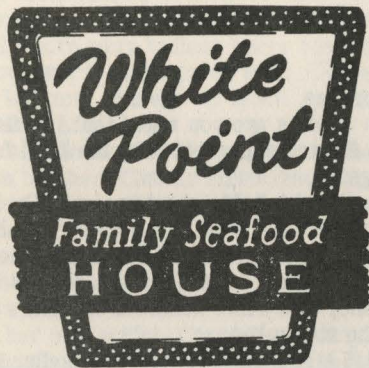
future it caused in the household! Does the opposite happening today interest you? How strange is history!

A few years ago I was riding on the Atlantic Coast Line "Champion" from Florence to Tampa. The railroad had just added some modern cars. I said to the Conductor, "I was born and raised with the Coast Line. I surely would like to see those new cars you have added." Very graciously he took me through the entire train. Then I said, "My! if my father could see this sleek train with its diesel engine, he would have to believe in evolution."

My father was married to Miss Florrie Rabon in 1913. He passed away in 1929.

NOTE

The Baldwin's daughter, Esther Hope, was the first baby born in the Burroughs Hospital. She is the namesake of Miss Esther Faircloth, R.N., and Dr. Hope Homer Burroughs. Now married and living in Columbia, she recently visited Miss Anna Oliver and her mother of Conway.



HIGHWAY 17 NORTH

WINDY HILL SECTION

NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, S. C.

WELCOME TO HISTORIC WHITE POINT

"To all whom these presents shall come, I William Gause of Long Bay of the Parish of Prince George... Innkeeper, sendeth greeting..." so wrote the first dispenser of hospitality at White Point on Aug. 27, 1740. One of the earliest settlers—and the first innkeeper on this land, William Gause came from Edgecomb County, North Carolina and, on May 11, 1737, obtained a grant of 250 acres of land on White Point Swash—still referred to as "Gause's Swash" by old-timers. Settlers came to this area from near and far as a result of liberal land offers after the King of England obtained the rights to the Carolinas from the Lords Proprietors in July 1729. Once established, it is said, William Gause's hostelry was widely known for its good food and genial host. The descendants of his large family became prominent in the affairs of Horry County. Gause's Landing, near the present Ocean Isle Beach, is named for his sons.

President George Washington inquired as to roads and accommodations in the Carolinas of a Major Jackson, who had been in this area before the Revolutionary War, when he was planning his Southern Tour. In reply, Major Jackson mentioned William Gause's place and advised the President to rest and ascertain the time of the tides before tackling the crossing of Long Bay southward, a ride of some 14 miles. "It is a sand beach on the seaside," he wrote and "at low water it is delightful to cross on," (Horry County

beaches were early known as "Long Bay" for the crescent curve that shapes these beaches.) While there is no record that Washington actually partook of William Gause's hospitality as he travelled the King's Highway toward Charleston, in the diary of his Southern Tour, April 1791, he noted that "it being the proper time of tide" he had "passed with ease along 16 miles over the wide sands of Long Bay." The King's Highway was an ancient road even then—probably following an original Indian Trail—much travelled by stage-coach and horse between the South and the North. The Marquis de Lafayette journeyed through this section on it in 1777, finally landing at North Isle. It wasn't until 1927, or thereabouts, in fact, that the Highway through here—now called Route 17—was straightened out and paved. Now part of North Myrtle Beach, this area was long known as Windy Hill Beach and a summer resort long before Myrtle Beach itself came into existence.

Today, White Point's reputation for warm hospitality and quality food at sensible prices has spread to far greater distances than William Gause could ever have imagined for such an establishment. It is one of the newest of the Grand Strand's fine eating places, with a seating capacity in 2 large dining rooms for 500; with ample parking space. Already it has served travellers from every state in the U.S. & Provinces of Canada and is proud of the great number of its guests who return time after time—both local residents and vacationers. It's a far cry from the days of William Gause and the first settlers—even from the old resort days of oil-cloth on the tables, mosquito netting at the windows, fans made of newspaper strips attached to a rod which brushed the flies away at mealtime, alligators under the porches on a warm summer day and razor-back hogs roaming wild through the woods, but our aim at historic White Point is to carry on the fine tradition of the first innkeeper of the White Point Swash. That tradition is the cornerstone of the new, modern White Point in its beautiful setting on the bank of the Intra-Coastal Waterway.

While teaching at Burgess in Horry county, Genevieve Willcox Chandler brought home a little girl for lunch. When Mrs. Willcox offered the child a sweet potato in the jacket, the child protested, "No ma'am, thank you, Mis' Minnie, I kin git plenty of them to home."

That little girl grew up to become one of the most successful restaurateurs on the Carolina coast where hundreds flock nightly for her sea food that they CANNOT git to home!

While hostess at Brookgreen Gardens, Mrs. Chandler told me that the country people often came by to say, "Mis' Jinny, we jes' come to see the figures."

After Don Quixote astride Rosinante was placed near the car park, many would say, "We wants to see the hawngry horse."

Another local favorite was COMMUNION, statue of a faded farm woman caressing a chicken. Farm folk readily identified with her as they fondly recognized their own mothers. "She's got a little chicken cuddled up there," they'd say. The model was the sculptor's own mother.

HIAWATHA AT THE HERMITAGE

Genevieve Willcox Chandler

Among my earliest memories are visits to Mr. and Mrs. Clark A. Willcox and their daughter Genevieve at The Hermitage, Murrells Inlet. My mother's friend and neighbor, Mrs. Malcolm W. Collins, Mrs. Willcox's sister, would drive her daughter Mildred and me down.

Genevieve inherited her mother's love of language, her appreciation of nature, her dramatic, literary, and artistic gifts. She studied at the National School of Art and at the Art Students' League of New York; she was a YMCA canteen worker overseas during World War I; she was chosen by SCRIBNER'S Magazine as one of the new American authors in a series called SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS; she published stories in THE SOUTHWEST REVIEW and MADAMOISELLE Magazine.

In 1922 she married Thomas Mobley Chandler of Williamsburg county, a returned sergeant of the 30th Division who had also served with the National Guard on the Mexican Border chasing Villa. Shortly after her fifth child was born, her husband died. She taught school at Burgess in Horry County and at Murrells Inlet, starting in a one-teacher school house - at one time with 63 pupils - for \$40.00 a month.

For her knowledge of local history, Mr. Archer M. Huntington chose her as hostess of Brookgreen Gardens where she held court in the office of the Museum of Small Statuary until her retirement in 1965. She now channels her energies into painting, her first love. Her water colors, charcoals, pen and ink sketches of her beloved creek, her family and servants are fast gaining popularity. She says however, "My five masterpieces are my five children - and my fifteen grands - my God Blesses."

On May 21, 1970, she marked her 80th year. "the last of life for which the first was made," she reminded me, then added, "Fini la guerre." Yet she remains the same vivid, forceful, inspiring woman who first paddled me through the maze of marsh, who shot mistletoe out of the trees for me, who made a little girl feel one with the world. She still exudes that pure joie de vivre; she is a woman in whose presence one learns painlessly - of nature, art, literature and life.

During the tenure of Dr. Edward and Dr. Margaret Woodhouse as the first faculty and administrators of Coastal Carolina in Conway, I invited them with Genevieve and her daughter Genevieve, (now Mrs. Bill Peterkin of Fort Motte), to my home one evening. Later Dr. Mar-

garet remarked: "She is the epitome of Southern womanhood."

Though the Inlet is over the line in Georgetown County, it is a part of our Grand Strand, and its ties with Horry are strong and dear. One of the first phrases I recall from Genevieve was her saying, "Florence, we live in Georgetown, but we graze in Horry." The first dramatic presentation of which I was cognizant was her mother's staging of HIAWATHA; and so I am proud to present Genevieve Willcox Chandler's own story of that memorable production long ago.

Dear Florence,

Some months ago you asked that I write down my memories of Hiawatha presented by the Inlet folk in 1915 at the Hermitage.

When the old-field school burned, Mr. Doc. Spivey of Conway presented an acre for a new building. This wooded property was virgin forest and the cost of clearing was great. Many live oaks had to be removed. (I know of one that, after a hurricane, cost some hundreds of dollars to remove debris and dig the stump.)

In 1915 Mr. Henry Willcox of Woodland, Murrells Inlet, was chairman of the Board of Trustees. He went to Georgetown on the Steamship Burroughs and informed the "powers that be" that there were valuable future citizens on Waccamaw Neck who needed a new school house. Money was appropriated and a two-roomed building was erected. Sliding doors provided a community gathering place when needed.

Now we had a school house but no play ground. The yard was not stumped. Vividly I remember the stumping. Estimates were made and the school boys dug vigorously before school and at recess.

The school authorities did not promise to beautify the yard. In distress, I said to my mother:

"We need money!"

"What for?"

"To stump the school yard!"

"Well," she said, "Let's give a play! Aren't your children studying HIAWATHA? Aren't they interested in collecting artifacts? We'll have a show! We'll give HIAWATHA!"

We were standing on the Hermitage porch. She looked toward the grove. "We have 'the dark and gloomy forest! The pines with cones upon them.'"

Dramatically spreading her arms wide, she pointed to Vereen's Fishery on the North. She pointed South to Lachl-cotte's canning factory. The inlet spread before us, the high tide flooding the marsh.

"There," she said, "is the Big Sea Water! Here is Gitchee Gumee!"

And so our Hiawatha was conceived.

Without delay she ordered Indian music. A book came of songs recorded on Indian Reservations. We opened it and read:

"Yah! Hahl! Hahl!

Yah he dub liah!"

"Well," she said "Sister, here's the music. You teach

the words. I'll teach the music!"

(Today Surfside is where Vereen's Fishery was. Hunting-ton Beach is at Magnolia near Lachicotte's Cannins Factory.)

The words were written on the school house black board. This was a new language. We worked hard. When the children went home from school and reported "Miss Minnie is going to have a show and everyone who wants to be in it come to the school house Friday night", whole families came. As Alice Outlaw Owens of Socastee remembers after over half a century, "We knew if Miss Minnie was doing it, it would turn out right. She can make something out of nothing."

In 1915, the Inlet had no 'phone, radio nor television. The marriages were performed in Conway by the Magistrate. Funerals were the only occasion when we gathered ourselves together -- except, of course, on the Sabbath day for service. Meeting at the school house after a week of hard work was relaxing. We really pleased ourselves. We sang lustily. The braves selected memorized pages of Longfellow's beautiful music. And the words of the Indian songs mattered not. Maybe translated they would say: "Paint your faces! We are going on the War-path!" But they had rhythm! There were tedious hours when the actors accented the wrong word. I remember Mrs. Emma Oliver's saying, "Mrs. Willcox, tell'em to mock you!" and born mimics, mock her they did.

When Ira Vick, Herman and Clifton Wilson, the Johnson boys Cliff and his brother, Charlie Strickland, John and Jim Causey, Gustavus Ludlam, and their friends dressed in clam sack shirts embellished with sea shells, bits of shiny tin foil and yellow, red and brown cheese cloth fringe appeared, it seemed to the beholder that the long gone aborigines were before us.

Mama wrote her own script. Carefully reading the poem, she selected the scenes to be portrayed. She perfectly cast her characters. She made weird music on Grandma's pre-War Between the States Mason and Hamlin organ. With one fiddler, (my brother Dr. Allston Willcox, who "played it by air") and home made tom-toms giving the beat, the Indian braves singing and cavorting around the big bonfire under the live oaks and moss were almost terrifying!

Sitting on the front porch with needle and thimble, Mama designed and made costumes for the almost one hundred who came faithfully, weekly to practice. She was impressed with Lee Outlaw from Socastee who, on occasion, had worked his crops all day, walked to the creek for Friday night's work out. Eight miles! The braves shot hawks for their head-dresses but, as I remember, not one brought feathers from other than game birds. Alice Outlaw Owens wrote to me, "As I remember, we practiced almost a year!" It was our great endeavour for a long winter getting ready for "next summer and full moon."

The program printed here shows the scenes.

1. Prologue by Indian Men.
11. The Infant.
111. The Youthful Hiawatha.
- IV. Hiawatha Reaching Manhood, Struggles with Mondamin Getting Indian Corn.
- V. HE GOES TO THE LAND OF THE DAKOTAS FOR MINNEHAHA
- VI. WEDDING FEAST.
- VII. TIME OF FAMINE
- VIII. MINNEHAHA'S DEATH.
- IX. COMING OF WHITE MAN
- X. HIAWATHA DEPARTS TO THE "LAND OF THE HEREAFTER."

HIAWATHA

July 28th at 8:30 p. m.

PROLOGUE

- { Gitche Manito appears and promises a prophet.
- { Hiawatha is born.

Scene I—Papoose and old Nokomis.

Scene II—Hiawatha's youth.

Scene III—Hiawatha's fasting—Appearance of Mondamin—Wrestling and victory of Hiawatha.

Scene IV—Hiawatha's wooing.

Scene V—Wedding feast.

Scene VI—Snowstorm, famine and death of Minnehaha.

Scene VII—Arrival of priest and departure of Hiawatha.

CAST—87 CHARACTERS.

HIAWATHA { Baby Morse
Laurie Morse
Clark Willcox, Jr.

Nokomis.....	Mrs. P. H. Wesley
Gitche Manito.....	Mr. W. D. Johnson
Mondamin.....	Miss Mittie Gibson
Iagoo.....	Jim Willcox
Paupukkeewis.....	Charlie Strickland
Chibiabos.....	Dr. J. C. Gasque
Arrow-Maker.....	Charley Leonard
Arrow-Maker's Daughter.....	Miss Genevieve Willcox
Fever.....	Miss Gibson
Famine.....	Mrs. J. C. Gasque
Priest.....	Dr. A. M. Willcox
Indian Princess.....	Miss Versa Vick

Explanatory Readers.

Miss Flossie Outlaw	Mr. Ira Vick
Miss Esther Vick	Mr. Jim Causey
Miss Florence Oliver	Captain Morse
Miss Versa Vick	Mr. Clifton Wilson
Mrs. G. E. Morse	Mr. Hermon Wilson
Mr. John Causey	Mr. Willie Oliver
Mr. Gus Ludlow	Mr. Bryan Johnson

Explanation of Mondamin.

Every Indian youth goes off at the age of 16 or 18 and remains alone in the forest fasting and praying—Hiawatha's prayers are answered by the Great Spirit, who sends Mondamin, spirit of corn, to wrestle with him—Hiawatha overcomes Mondamin and gains food for his people—Thus, says Longfellow, did we get corn.

In scene one. Mrs. P. Herbert Wesley made a dramatic entrance with her real grandson strapped in his cradle board on her back. Wigwams were erected under the eight acre live-oak grove. Each Indian family had a fire before his teepee. Some, realistically, had their hound dogs. To the extreme right was the "Land of the Dakotas." Here Mr. Charlie Leonard (whose parents had come to Waccamaw much earlier from Maine with Mr. William McGillavary Buck) sat before his teepee perfectly cast as "The ancient Arrow-Maker." Minnehaha was by his side. This teepee was in darkness until the time when a spot light showed Hiawatha going to seek his bride.

When, after many beautiful selections had been recited of the prologue, old Nokomis appeared in her costume made of her grandmother's paisley shawl brought from England,

and taking the cradle board down, hung it from a gargyle shaped burl on a centuries old oak, the audience thought, "This is a doll baby." When the baby rolled his eyes and turned his head, the audience screamed: "He is alive!"

The baby's eight year old brother portrayed Hiawatha's boyhood. He sang the beautiful song of the "Fire-fly."

"Wah, Wah, taysee

Little fire-fly!

Little flitting white fire insect!

Light me with your little candle

Ere upon my bed I lay me!

Ere in sleep I close my eyelids."

Things were so timed that as the full moon rose from the water, Hiawatha pointed and whispered:

"What is that, Nokomis?"

And she answered:



Ruby Moore (now Mrs. D. Z. Rowell of Andrews), Flossie Outlaw of Socastee, Ruth Wesley (now Mrs. Timmins formerly of Manning, a house mother at the U.S.C. in Columbia,) with baby Julian Morse, Alice Baker (Now Mrs. Belin), Alice Wesley (now Mrs. Cannon of Plantersville), Sister Morse, (deceased), and Jean Wesley (Mrs. Sill Dusenbury of Myrtle Beach).



Minnehaha (Mrs. Chandler at 25,) Charles Leonard, Mrs. Charles Leonard (nee Sarah Bowen), C. O. Leonard, Jr., and Clark Allen Willcox, Jr.

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grand-mama, and threw her up into the sky
at midnight!
Right against the moon he threw her!
'Tis her body that you see there."

To me the most impressive scene was when Mr. Dalrymple Johnson, trained in Law at Princeton University, appeared as Gitche Manito, the mighty. His descent to earth was so arranged that to the spectators it seemed as great a mystery as was the coming of the great spirit to the Indians Longfellow imagined. In the end of the avenue behind the cleared space of the stage, my mother caused to be planted, a forest of pine saplings as a back-ground. An inclined plane starting at the treetops was the ladder down which Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit, descended from heaven. To make his head dress, the cook's sons caught one by one the geese and Mama, with a pair of large shears, clipped their wings to make his white war-bonnet, a thing of beauty and mystery. I thought surely the Indians visualized

a red God. My mother said, "No." (Years later I took Aunt Hagar Brown, an ancient negress we cherished, to the Myrtle Beach picture show to see "Green Pastures." With my mother and me, she agreed that the God in Green Pastures should have been a white God. "Miss Jinny, God is white.") Of course, a spirit we visualize as white.

Mr. Johnson's voice was wonderful; as the words rolled out he fairly preached a sermon to the many Indians -- pleading:

"Oh, my children, my poor children!
I am weary of your quarrels
Of your wranglings and dissensions."

He promised:

"I will send a prophet to you.
Bury your war clubs,
Smoke the calumet together
And as brothers live henceforward."

He kept his promise. Hiawatha, coming of age, was the prophet. He developed Indian corn for their food. For seven

long nights and days he fasted in his lodge in the forest surrounded by all the birds and animals he loved.

"Master of life," he prayed, "Must our lives depend on these things?"

Mondamin, the spirit of corn, was played by Miss Mittie Gibson of Vaux Hall - now Mrs. Leewood McCollum of Rowland, North Carolina. In filmy green draperies with her long golden hair portraying corn-silk, she needed no wig. Hiawatha wrestled and overcoming Mondamin, as instructed, buried her in the earth where he "made a bed for her to lie on." From her grave grows a stalk of corn. Thus, through great effort, he gains a victory getting food for his nation.

Remembering Minnehaha, whom he had seen when he went as a youth to buy arrowheads from her father, Hiawatha left for a long journey to the "Land of the Dakotas." Old No-

komis warning, "Bring not to my lodge a stranger from the 'Land of the Dakotas.' Very fierce are the Dakotas. Often is there war between us!" went unheeded. His reply was:

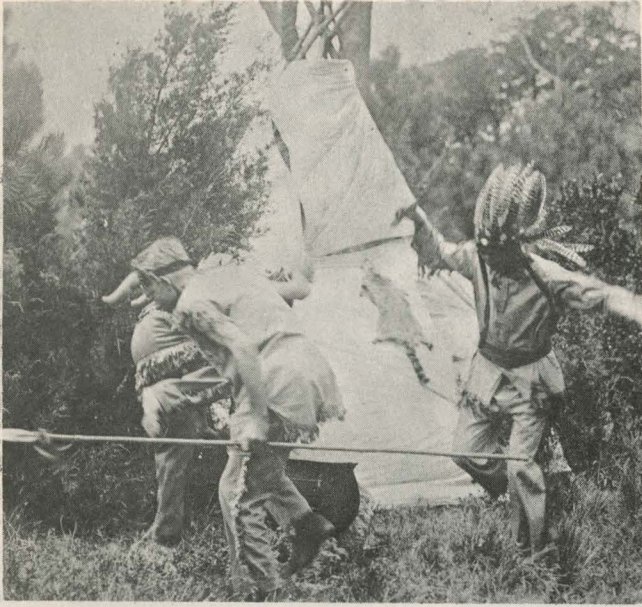
"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman,
'Though she bends him, she obeys him.
'Though she draws him, yet she follows.
Useless each without the other!"

The spotlight was now turned on the teepee of the ancient arrow maker where Hiawatha arrived bearing a gift of a deer which he laid at the feet of his beloved. When he tells of his love for the arrow-maker's daughter, the host, turning to her, admonishes, "Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

Rising, Minnehaha goes to Hiawatha saying, "I will



Mrs. Herbert Wesley in her Paisley shawl brought from England, and baby Julian Morse now in Dallas, Texas.



Herman Wilson (disappearing behind the tent), now Justice of the Peace living at Wachesaw.

follow you, my husband." And, as they leave together, the spot light returns to the home of old Nokomis. Here (in her antique Paisley shawl) Nokomis is readying the wedding feast. This realistic, colorful scene was full of beauty. Fire-light from many wigwams played on the curtains of waving moss. Around a great black wash pot (Spanish browned for the occasion) Paw-paw-kee was danced wildly, Iagoo, the great boaster, "he the marvelous story teller", told one of his unbelievable tales, and Chibiabos, the sweet singer (Dr. J.C. Gasque of Marion and Columbia) sang, "Onaway! Awake beloved!" This wedding feast was probably the most exciting scene of the play with all bonfires lighted and every teepee occupied. The entire cast was present.

The famine scene followed. Mrs. P.H. Wesley really lived the part of the old Indian grandmother searching beneath the oaks for acorns and praying to Gitche Manito, the mighty, for food for her dying Minnehaha.

"Oh the famine and the fever!
Oh the wailing of the children!
Oh the anguish of the women!"

All this while Hiawatha was searching desperately for game. He found no track of deer or rabbit in the ghastly, gleaming forest."

Mrs. Napoleon Lafayette Vick was Chief of the group of mothers and grandmothers who, sitting before fires of oak and pine on winter evenings, cut tissue paper (and even old newspapers!) by the barrel full to produce a marvelous snow storm during this period of famine. (It happened that a dramatic director from Boston was visiting the Dalrymple Johnsons at Vaux Hall. He told Mama how to make snow!) Mr. Chuck Alford and other generous volunteer carpenters built platforms high in the live oaks, the breeze cooperated the nights of the show as men from the platforms showered down the barrels of paper on the wigwam of the dying Minnehaha, on the searching Nokomis; on the hunter, Hiawatha. Oh! that we could have had movies of this beautiful picture!

Hiawatha, returning empty handed, finds on her couch his dying Minnehaha! In her delirium she "hears the falls of Minnehaha calling to her from a distance." As she lies dying, old Nokomis wails with arms upraised towards the heavens from which the snow was falling on her Paisley shawl:

"Hungry is the sky above us!
Hungry is the earth beneath us
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glare at us!"

When Hiawatha, exhausted from the hunt, entered his wigwam, he saw two uninvited guests, fever and famine, seated one at the head and one at the foot of Minnehaha's bed of branches and moss. (The artist of Indian life and customs, Remington, not too long ago, did marvelous illustrations for Longfellow's poem in which he painted a fever and a famine that filled one with horror. Death's heads-as I, too, visualized them.) My mother disagreed and made them ghostly, but beautiful white draped spirits who danced in the flickering fire light an unearthly dance of death. (Miss Mittie Gibson (McCallum) and Mrs. Laurie W. Gasque (Briggs) performed in marvelous fashion.)

Many moons after Minnehaha had been laid to rest, there came a white missionary in a great canoe. The missionary in his priestly robes gave the Indians the right hand of friendship. The peace pipe was smoked. Hiawatha said to the priest:

"We have listened to your message,
We will think on what you tell us."

The whole cast followed the black robed priest to the water's edge when he departed and (though not planned,) the spectators followed too!

Off shore from the Hermitage grove is a little shell island, supposedly made by many an Indian oyster roast and clam bake. It rises above high tide and shines white and ghostly above the marsh. As the full August moon shed its light over the marshes, a canoe was seen on the sandy beach. Again the Indians, en masse, followed the leader, as, this time, Hiawatha was departing. He was going to join his beloved in the "Land of the departed, To the land of the Hereafter." Stepping into his birch canoe he whispered, "Westward! Westward!" Like a murmur from the seacame Indian voices:

"Farewell, Oh, Hiawatha!" The sighing pines joined, "Farewell Hiawatha!" And the little waves upon the margin sobbed "Farewell, Oh Hiawatha!" Thus he departed to the "Land of the Hereafter!"

Arms uplifted Hiawatha stood as, mysteriously, the canoe glided out across the moonlit waters. (No one could see Mr. Vance Hewitt hidden in the bacharis on the shell island gently winding in an invisible wire! This was magic!) One spectator was heard to say, as departing guests boarded wagons and carts to go home after the play, "The purtiest part was where that thar canoe just moved away with narry a oar, paddle or motor! Jist vanished in the marshes!"

Thus departed Hiawatha to the "kingdom of the blessed! To the land of the Hereafter."

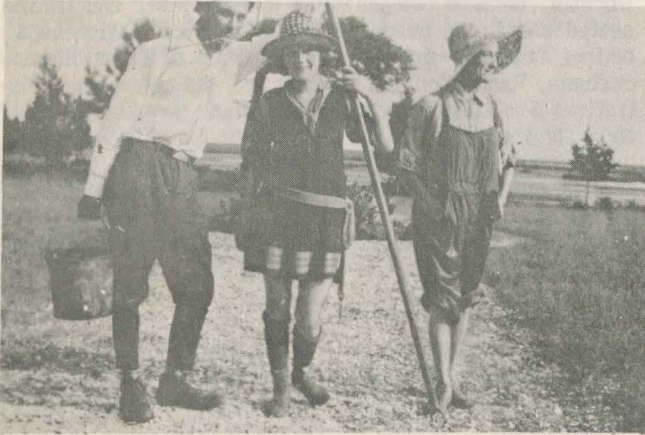
This record would be incomplete without stating that a boat came from the City of Georgetown, the second summer the play was given, bringing guests. Many arrived in row boats from various inlet points and coves and the local population came in wagons lighted by lanterns hanging beneath. And thanks were offered to many, who, at one point in the

play, formed a semi-circle with their cars and flooded the scene as brilliantly as if with powerful footlights in a theatre.

As many said, "Miss Minnie had made sumpin' outer nothin'," and it is uncanny what memories many living have after, over half a century, of the inlet show in which almost one hundred percent of a village cooperated amicably. And thus the school year was stumped!

(Thank the Good Master!)

Your Old Friend,
Genevieve



Arthur Richardson, Mildred Collins, Genevieve Chandler coming from crabbing in the creek. Arthur was the older brother of Ernest, founder of the Horry County Historical Society. He and Mildred are also deceased.



Lieut. Allston M. Willcox, M.C., Co. 75, 20th Grand Division T. C., France. Feb. 15, 1919



Clarke A. Willcox while in service, 1917-1919. Mr. Willcox now resides at the former home of his parents, The Hermitage, Murrells Inlet, where he has established a nursery and sells antiques. He is the author of a popular scrapbook which he calls MUSINGS OF A HERMIT.

THE LORD SEN' 'IM

At the Hermitage, a room upstairs was called the Prophet's room, and Mama always had it ready for a Methodist minister. . . Mama was vain because she'd never had a fuss in her choir. One Sunday afternoon after dinner, Reverend Sidi Brown Harper had hitchhiked down after church services in Marion and arrived tired and hungry. The cook Lily had at least six children in the kitchen and only bones of the Sunday baked hen were left. My mother said to the cook:

"Mix up some waffles and scramble some eggs; we'll give Mr. Harper a breakfast; and I'll go in the garden to make a little salad."

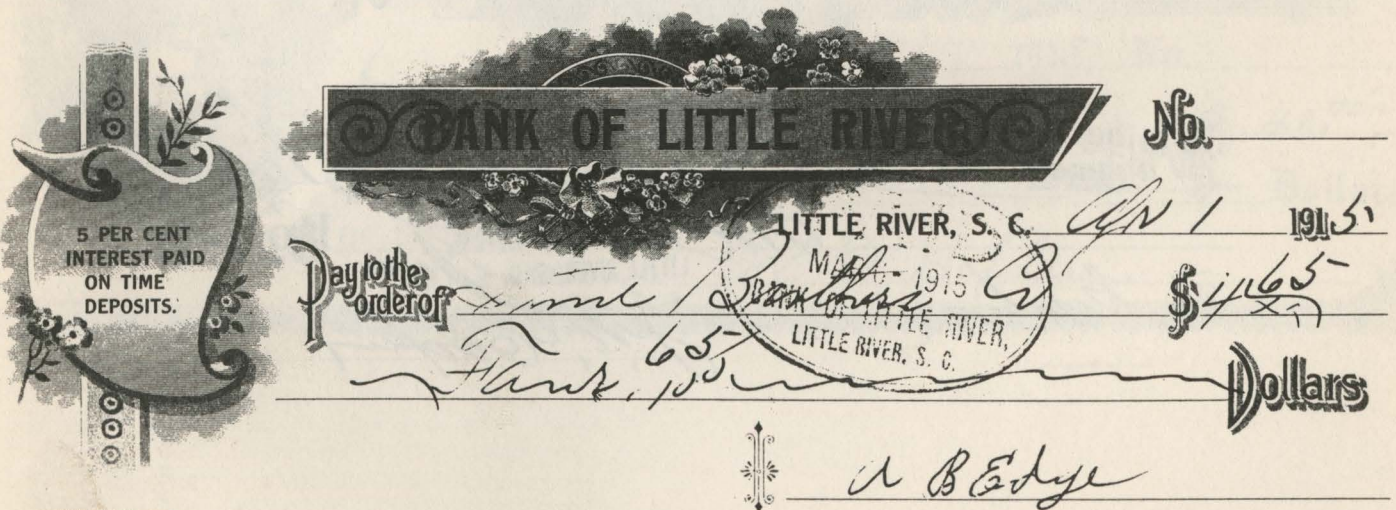
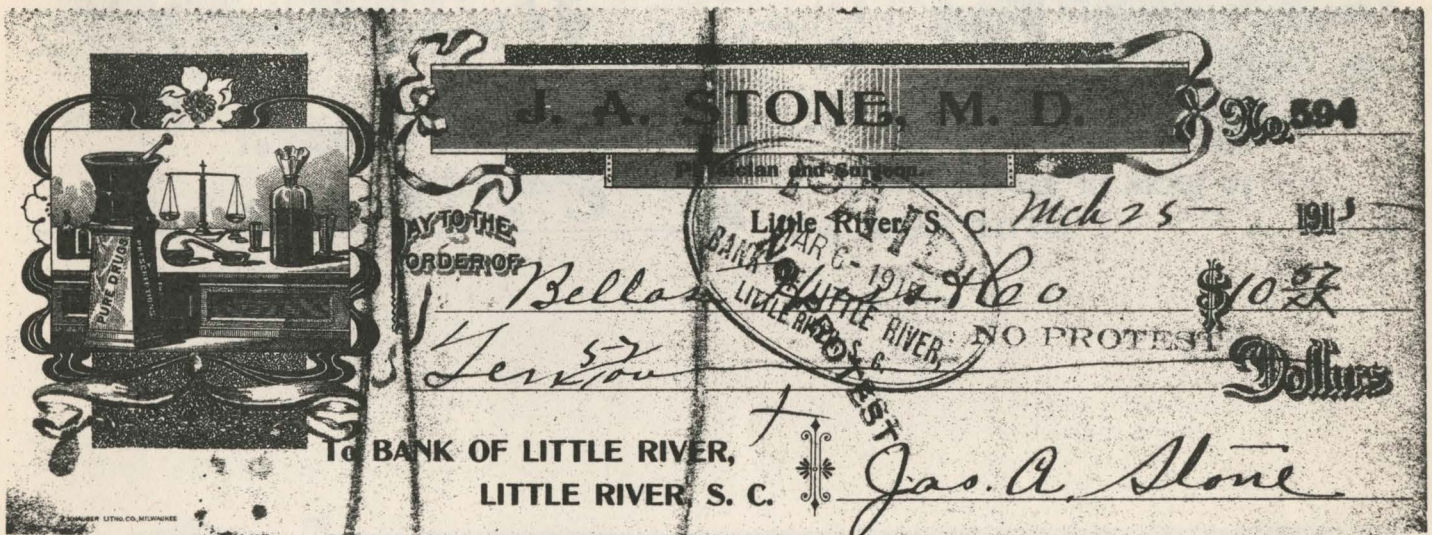
As she crossed a little arched bridge to the garden, suddenly a raucous scream wrecked the quiet of the Sunday afternoon. Have you ever heard an ungreaased wheel barrow protest? That's exactly what it sounds like. She knew her birds. Looking up, she saw Uncle Sam, the bald eagle who perched in a tall dead pine across the swash flying over an osprey who held in her claws a wiggling fish. The eagle screeched, "Drop it! Drop it! Drop it!"

And the osprey flew lower and lower. When they were directly over her head, Mama gave the Rebel Yell and popped her palms together with a sound exactly like a gun. The poor fish hawk, giving up, dropped a beautiful sailor's choice down among the cabbages. The defeated eagle took off and the osprey's babies in a tall cypress on the Waccamaw river went without their supper. When Mama entered the kitchen smiling broadly, the cook said, "The Lord sen' 'im." . . .

But Mr. Harper, when Lil put the blue Canton platter with the crisp fried sailor's choice on the table, said; "Elijah was fed by the ravens; I am fed by the fish hawks!"

Canceled Checks From The Bank of Little River

Submitted by C. B. Berry





Little River, S. C.

Apr

1915

No. 820

VEREEN BROTHERS

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

Doria Stungis

\$ *73.00*

seven thirty five

Dollars

To BANK OF LITTLE RIVER,
LITTLE RIVER, S. C.



J. G. Vereen

DESIGNED BY LITHO CO., BALTIMORE

BANK OF LITTLE RIVER

No

LITTLE RIVER, S. C.,

May 20

1915

Pay to the order of

Sp. Haver

1915

\$ *160.00*

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY

Dollars

LITTLE RIVER, S. C.

For Cash

J. H. Cooper

Lucas Bros. Baltimore, Md.

**DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
FANCY GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES.**

B. N. GORE CO.

No. 993

Little River, S. C. *May 25* 191*5*

Pay to the order of *J. M. Young* 1915

Five & no 100

OF LITTLE RIVER,
LITTLE RIVER, S. C.


\$ *5.00* XX

Dollars

To BANK OF LITTLE RIVER,
LITTLE RIVER, S. C.

Cotton Gin

By B. N. Gore



Oct 21 191*8* No.

Pay to the order of *J. W. Brooks*

Fourty

\$ *40.00*

Dollars

BANK OF LITTLE RIVER,
LITTLE RIVER, S. C. *W. G. Holden.*

Last Will and Testament of Daniel McQueen, Sr., 1817

Contributed by Brian E. Michaels
P.O. Box 1336
Gainesville, Florida 32601

Daniel McQueen, Sr., settled in the area which is now upper Horry County at about the time of the creation of the United States. He is listed as head of a household of five members and two slaves in the U.S. Census of South Carolina in 1790. He was born before 1755, and died between 17 March and 31 October, 1817. His will is recorded in the office of the Judge of Probate, Conway. I would be happy to give or receive further information on Daniel McQueen, Sr., his forebears, and descendants.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Daniel McQueen, senior, of the state and district aforesaid (South Carolina, Horry), being weak and afflicted in body but of a perfect sound mind and of a disposing memory, thanks be to God for the same, and calling to mind the mortality of my body, and as it is appointed for all flesh once to die, do make, ordain, (and) constitute this my last will and testament. That is to say, first I do give and recommend my soul to God who gave it, and my body to the ground to be buried at the discretion of my executors--and as to such worldly blessings or estate as the Lord hath blessed me with in this life, I give and dispose of them in the manner and form following:

ITEM. First I give and bequeath unto my son William McQueen one tract of land containing four hundred and fifty acres I purchased from John Graham, Esquire, whereon the said William now lives; also, two other tracts joining thereunto containing in the whole one thousand one hundred acres; also one Negro woman named Agg.

ITEM THE SECOND. I give and bequeath unto my daughter Mary Sawyer and unto the issue of her body a tract of land containing five hundred and eighty acres on the Huckleberry Branch, part of a tract granted to James Garrel; also one Negro woman named Fillis and her two children, Simon and Isaac.

ITEM (THE) THIRD. I give and bequeath unto my son James McQueen one Negro man named Ben; also two children Bet and Cubit; also one sorrel mare, saddle, and bridle, and one feather bed and furniture.

ITEM THE FOURTH. I give and bequeath unto my son John McQueen one Negro woman named Phoebe; also two children, namely, Primas and Alick; also one feather bed and furniture.

ITEM THE FIFTH. I give and bequeath unto my son Samuel McQueen, Junr. (sic), one Negro man named Bob; also two children, namely, Syrus and Jo; also one bay horse colt; also one feather bed and furniture.

ITEM (THE) SIXTH. It is my will and desire that all the remaining part of my lands that is not mentioned in the above items should be equally divided among or between my three last-mentioned sons, James, John, and Samuel.

ITEM (THE) SEVENTH. It is my will and desire that all the rest of my personal estate such as stock of every kind, household and kitchen furniture, plantation and carpenter tools, including every other thing that is mine should be equally divided among the said three last-mentioned sons, James, John, and Samuel.

ITEM (THE) EIGHTH. It is my will and desire that the moneys when collected that are due me by sundry persons that the same should be equally divided between or among my five above-mentioned children, William, Mary, James, John, and Samuel.

ITEM THE NINTH. It is my desire that a Negro woman named Sabra that is now out on hire should still continue to be hired out and the money of her wages should be appropriated to the education of my two sons John and Samuel.

ITEM THE TENTH AND LAST. I do hereby nominate and appoint my two sons William McQueen and James McQueen to be sole executors to this my last will and testament. Given under my hand and seal the seventeenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, and in the forty-first year of the American independence.

Daniel McQueen, Sen.

Sealed,
Signed,
and Delivered in the presence of
Josiah Lewis
Elias Pitman
Edward Pitman

On 1 January, 1818, Judge Henry Durant directed that the goods of Daniel McQueen be appraised before the first of April. It was not until 2 May, however that the appraisers, William McQueen, Samuel Garrel and Richard Gallivant, made their final return of the appraisal:

We the undersigned, have been duly sworn to appraise all such property belonging to the estate of Daniel McQueen as might be shown to us by the executor or executors, make the within return. (Signed).

INVENTORY AND APPRAISEMENT OF THE GOODS AND CHATTELS OF THE ESTATE OF DANIEL McQUEEN—

31 head of stock cattle @ \$7	\$217.00
17 head of sheep @ \$1.50	25.50
24 year-old hogs @ \$1.50	36.00
7 sows and 31 pigs	32.00
11 two-year hogs @ \$3.00	33.00
1 Mare and yearling	90.00
1 crosscut and whip saw	14.00
1 foot adze and broad ax	2.50
Lot tools \$4. 4 grubbing and six weeding hoes	10.00
3 beds and furniture, 2 steads	73.50
1 shotgun \$10. Earthenware \$3	13.00
Lot of books \$2. Case razors \$1	3.00
Looking glass and spice mortar	2.50
1 pair firedogs and tea kettle	2.50
1 pair smoothing irons \$1. 2 Jugs \$1.50	2.50
2 pair steel yards \$1.50. 1 hand bellows \$1	2.50
1 stone jar \$1. 17 geese \$8.50	9.50
1 loom \$8. 1 chest \$3. 1 table \$1	12.00
1 pair saddle bags \$1. 4 chairs \$2	3.00
1 grind stone \$2. 3 pots \$7	9.00
1 hand mill \$18. Lot of pewter and tin \$3	21.00
Knives and forks 75¢. 2 wheels \$3. Cards 50¢	4.25
Frying pan \$1.50. Reel \$1. 2 bee hives \$2	4.50
8 cider barrels \$4. 1 boat \$40	44.00
1 Negro man Bob \$600. Ben \$600	1200.00
Phebe, Ellick, Joe, and Redic (sic)	1000.00
Phelis, Simon, and Isaac (sic)	900.00
Primus \$500, Syrus \$400	900.00
Cubit \$300, Bet \$300	600.00
Agnes \$500, Sabry (sic) \$250	750.00
	\$6,016.75

(Transcriber's note: The text of the will and appraisal are unaltered; spelling has been regularized, with the exception of proper names.)

THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM MCQUEEN

1850-1861

Contributed by Brian E. Michaels

P.O. Box 1336

Gainesville, Florida 32601

William McQueen, a son of Daniel McQueen, Sr., was born in the area which is now upper Horry County about 1787. He died between 17 December, 1850, and 19 May, 1851, and the proceedings in his estate are recorded in the office of the Judge of Probate, Conway.

William McQueen paid taxes in 1845-46 on 2,653 acres of land in Horry County and on lots in Conwayboro. He had given a son, Daniel Jenkins McQueen, 700 acres on 24 November, 1845, so William must have been rather a large landholder, even for his day. His will lists thirty-three slaves by name, and those who had not died or been sold before the final dissolution of the estate following the death of his widow were divided among the children in 1861.

William McQueen was the great-grandfather of Mr. Donald McQueen, Mrs. Claudia McQueen Thomas, and Mrs. Lalla McQueen Stevens, all of Loris, through their father, Yancey Price McQueen, and Grandfather, Daniel Jenkins McQueen. He was the great-great-great-grandfather of this writer through Daniel Jenkins McQueen, William Hamilton McQueen, Ora Mae McQueen Jones (Mrs. John Foster Jones), and Frances Jones Michaels.

William McQueen's last will and testament divides his property as follows:

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, William McQueen, being of perfect mind and understanding, do make this my last will and testament--first I recommend my soul to Almighty God who gave it, and my body to be decently buried in Christian-like manner, and touching such worldly goods as it hath pleased God to bless me with, I dispose of (them) in the following manner:

FIRST: I desire that all my just debts be speedily and punctually paid.

SECOND: I lend to my beloved wife Susannah during her natural life the following heritable and personal property, to wit: the plantation whereon I now live, being four hundred acres; also all my stock of horses, hogs, sheep, plantation tools, and household furniture; also the following Negroes with their increase, viz., Jude, Statira, Pinck, Chysiah, Harriet, Matilda, Lyna, Syretha, Caladona, Gibson, Chesley, Ben, Crissy, Ted, Gabson, Cammel, Dicey, Betsy, Perry Ann, Joel (who died October 13, 1855, while hired out to William McQueen's son-in-law, John A. Johnston, husband of William's daughter Margaret Ann), Nigh, Celia, Sarah, Coen, Louisa, Stacy, Jack, Alafare, Catherine, and Orry--provided always, and I hereby declare it to be my will that should the above property fail to raise enough on the plantation to defray family expenses and leave a profit sufficient to educate my three infant children, to wit, Alexander W. McQueen (then 16 years of age), Cornelius McQueen (age 11), and George W.C. McQueen (age 8), then and in that case

my executors (are) to hire out a sufficiency of the above slave property to raise money for that purpose and apply it to the same; and I further declare it to be my will that at my said wife's death that the plantation already mentioned then be delivered up to my son George W.C. McQueen and all the above property divided between the lawful heirs of my wife Susannah, with its future increase.

THIRD: To my son James R. McQueen I give three Negro slaves by the names of Joe, Billy, and Betsy. Also a small lot of cattle, and a bay horse called Selina, which property has already been delivered.

FOURTH: To my son Daniel J. McQueen I give one tract of land, being seven hundred acres, more or less; also one sorrel horse called Liberty and one cow and calf, which property has already been delivered, and one feather bed, which has not been delivered.

FIFTH: To my daughter Margaret Ann Johnston I give one feather bed, which has not been delivered.

SIXTH: To my son Samuel B. McQueen I give three hundred acres of land, more or less, being part of a tract granted to Moses Floyd, also one other tract of land which a deed of gift will show. Also one bay horse called Bill, which has already been delivered, and one feather bed, which has not been delivered.

SEVENTH: I give to my daughter Susannah McQueen one feather bed, which property has not been delivered.

EIGHTH: To my son Alexander W. McQueen I give four hundred acres of land, one gray horse named John, two cows and calves, and one feather bed, which has not been delivered.

NINTH: To my son Cornelius McQueen I give four hundred acres of land, one cow (and) calf, and yearling, and one feather bed, which has not been delivered.

TENTH: To my son George W.C. McQueen I give four hundred acres of land, one cow and calf, and one feather bed, which has not been delivered. It is also my will that if Alexander, Cornelius, or George should die leaving no lawful issue, that the land of the deceased be equally divided between the surviving two.

LASTLY I nominate, constitute, and appoint James R. McQueen, William J. Graham, and Alexander McQueen Executors of this my last will and testament--hereby revoking all others. In witness whereof I have herewith set my hand and seal the 17th day of December in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty, and in the 75th year of American Independence.

(S) William McQueen
Signed, sealed, published, pronounced, and declared in the presence of Armstrong S. H. Martin, Jesse Cannon (his mark), John Cannon.

On 18 August, 1851, Matthew W. Strickland, Matthew Johnston, and Arthur B. Skipper appraised the estate of William McQueen, finding it "to amount to twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty-five dollars, 12½ cents; also one note on James R. Smart for thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents," which the appraisers "considered good." The "Inventory and Appraisement" of Wm. McQueen's estate follows as given by the appraisers, with the exception that proper names have been made to conform in spelling with the names as listed in the will.

46 head hogs @ \$1.50	\$69.00
51 head sheep @ \$1.00	51.00
2 head hogs @ \$3.00	6.00
10 head cattle @ \$7.00	70.00
1 lot of plows and plow gear	17.75
2 carts	28.00

1 lot hoes	6.00
2 shovels and one spade	3.00
6 axes	6.00
2 broadaxes	3.00
2 wedges and 1 froe (wedge-shaped tool)	1.50
5 barrels @ 25¢	1.25
1 lot bacon	12.00
4 jugs	4.00
1 hand mill	12.00
1 lot of pots	2.00
1 loom	7.00
1 crosscut saw	5.00
1 scythe blade	2.00
2 spinning wheels	2.00
1 lot of chairs	2.25
1 mule	75.00
1 bay mare	30.00
1 gray horse	50.00
1 saddle	2.00
3 tables	3.00
1 (bowl?) fat and crockery ware	5.00
1 clock	8.00
4 feather beds @ \$10.00	40.00
1 beef hide	1.00
1 log chain	3.00
2 feather beds @ \$12.00	24.00
2 chests	2.00
1 shotgun	8.00
1 double-barrel gun	15.00
1 lot of old tools	5.37 1/2
Slaves: Pinck	650.00
Gibson	700.00
Ben	600.00
Chesley	700.00
Dicey	400.00
Harriet	500.00
Tildy (Matilda)	450.00
Crissy	500.00
Lyna	400.00
Martha	400.00
Syntha (Syretha?)	300.00
Caladona	275.00
Statira and child Ted	600.00
Chysiah and child Cammel	600.00
Gabson (Gabston?)	200.00
Joel	700.00
Nigh	700.00
Coen	600.00
Celia	500.00
Sarah	400.00
Bet and child Jack	500.00
Stacy	350.00
Louisa	300.00
Perry Ann and child (Ervan?)	550.00
Alafare	200.00
Orry	100.00
Jude (sic)	0.00
	\$12,755.12 1/2

Of the \$12,755.12½ total valuation of the William McQueen estate, it is perhaps interesting to note that more than \$12,000.00 was in slave holdings. Even though the plantation was well-equipped with furniture and tools, and though the livestock holdings were certainly ample, property other than land, slaves, and personal effects totaled only \$580.12.

The estate was administered for about seven years by the Executor appointed by the will of Wm. McQueen, William J. Graham. His final action seems to have been on 18 February, 1858, when the slave Chesley was sold for \$935.00. After the executor/guardian's and solicitors' fees had been paid, and four "distributive shares" of \$28.28 each were distributed, the "balance due estate" in cash was three cents. This was not to say, however, that the estate was completely liquidated, for on 24 October, 1861, further division was made because Mrs. Susannah McQueen was dead.

"We . . . appraisers and partitioners selected by the heirs and distributees of the late William McQueen and Susannah McQueen to appraise the remaining estate of the said Wm. McQueen, directed to be distributed by the last will and testament of the said Wm. McQueen, do herein and hereby make the following return . . . We direct the provisions inventory of corn, fodder, rice, peas, cotton, potatoes, and (?) to be equally divided by the heirs among themselves and by themselves. The household, plantation, and kitchen furniture we have divided into six equal lots, as hereinafter allotted, with the Negroes, and have decided that the said lots be drawn for by each of the distributees. The said lots inventory as follows, to wit:

Lot No. 1: The Negro Pink, one ox, and to pay to lot #6 \$137.50. (This lot was drawn by Daniel J. McQueen. This writer has been told by a granddaughter of Daniel J. McQueen, Mrs. Lalla McQueen Stevens of Loris, that there lived near her in Loris until his death a few years ago an elderly Negro man by the name of "Pink McQueen," and it seems likely that he was a descendant of the above Pink (or Pinck) McQueen owned first by William and then by Daniel J. McQueen.)

Lot No. 2: The Negro Chris and infant, one ox, and to pay lot #3 \$50.00 and lot #5 \$87.50 (This lot was drawn by George W.C. McQueen).

Lot No. 3: The Negro Ben, 3 pots and pans, five drilling augers and trammel, and to receive from lot #2 \$50.00 and from lot #4 \$12.50; also to receive the hogs (This lot was drawn by John A. Johnston, son-in-law).

Lot No. 4: The Negro Martha, Cash, three plows and plowgear, iron wedge, five hoes and shovel, and to pay to lot #6 \$75.00 and to lot #3 \$12.50. (This lot was drawn by Alexander W. McQueen).

Lot No. 5: Negroes Stysa (sic) and Ted, the hand mill, cupboard and contents, two tables, one half-dozen chairs, bucket and peck measure, and to receive \$87.50 from lot #2 (This lot was drawn by Cornelius McQueen).

Lot No. 6: The Negro Scrap (sic), saws, tub and pail, broadaxes and axes, loom, flax wheel, bedstead, chest, two sleighs, four sides of leather, one pair saddlebags, and to receive from lot #1 \$137.50 and from lot #4 \$75.00 (This lot was drawn by Samuel McQueen).

And the said sums aforesaid are so allotted to make the share of each distributee to amount to the sum of \$429.67 . . . We the said appraisers do hereby allot and divide the said estate in accordance with the said drawing above set forth" (In the presence of Noah B. Cooper).

Two of the original heirs to the estate of William McQueen did not take part in the final division. Dr. James R. McQueen, according to his tombstone in Marion, was born in Horry District in March of 1815, and died at Marion on 30 October, 1855. Nearby is the grave of "Mary, daughter of J.R. and S.E. McQueen, born 5 January, 1850, died 9 May, 1854."

What became of the daughter Susannah, this writer has no idea--she may have married and moved away, and she may have been dead. Certain it is that she did not participate either in person or by agent in the final distribution of assets.

Of the heirs of William McQueen, three died within a few years after the final distribution. Margaret Ann Johnston's husband John A. was dead by the end of 1861; Alexander was dead before 22 May, 1863, leaving a widow, Elizabeth (who later married T.H. Kirton) and two minor daughters, Martha A.E. (born about 1860), and Sarah A.V. (born about 1862); George W.C. was dead before 16 April, 1866, when his brother Daniel J. applied for letters of administration of his estate.

If anyone can tell me more about any of the persons involved in the estate proceedings of William McQueen--things such as dates of birth or death, children's names, descendants, etc., I would be most grateful to have the information.

NOTE

Parentheses in Mr. Michael's contribution are to be interpreted as brackets.

ABOUT WILLIAM CLARENCE FRINK

Sunday
May 30, 1970

Dear Mr. Berry,

Enjoyed your article on the Hemingway Family in the April 1969 INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY, but would like to correct the part about my father, as I understand from Mrs. McDuffie you are to put this in a book sometime in the future. The article is on page nine (9) left side, number ten (10) A.

"William Clarence Frink m. Lola Welty of Niles, Ohio. He died in the Veterans Hospital, Columbia, S.C. of a lung disorder caused by gas used in World War I. There only daughter Loa Edith Frink married John Leonard Cameron of Newberry, S.C.

Enjoy reading the QUARTERLY very much.

Sincerely,

Lola E. Frink Cameron

HORRY TO HOST LANDMARK 1971

At the Landmark Conference in Camden May 7,8,9, the Confederation of South Carolina Historical Societies and the State Department of Archives and History accepted our President's invitation to meet with us in April 1971.

Tentative plans are for the groups to be housed in the Ocean Forest Hotel, Myrtle Beach, to tour Singleton Swash, Little River, Bucksport, Conway and other spots visited by travelers or settled 200 years ago.

In Camden, entertainment began with a fish fry at Boykin's Mill Pond. Friday morning nationally known speakers secured by the Archives Department addressed the groups. Lt. Gov. John C. West announced that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth 2 of England was returning from the Tower of London to our state house the banner of Sgt. Jasper and a Kentucky rifle captured at Charleston during the Revolution.

Tours of historic homes and churches, including Liberty Hill, a lecture with slides by Henry Boykin, AIA, member of the S.C. State Board of Review for National Register, and a colonial and Robert Mills architectural authority, were also enjoyed. William H. Byrnes, Executive Director, Camden District Heritage Foundation, addressed the group and led the tour to archeological excavations of Camden Revolutionary War Fortifications to watch the archeological team at work and hear an address by state archeologist Dr. R.L. Stevenson. Luncheons and a banquet as well as book displays of rare editions of South Carolina volumes reprinted were likewise enjoyed.

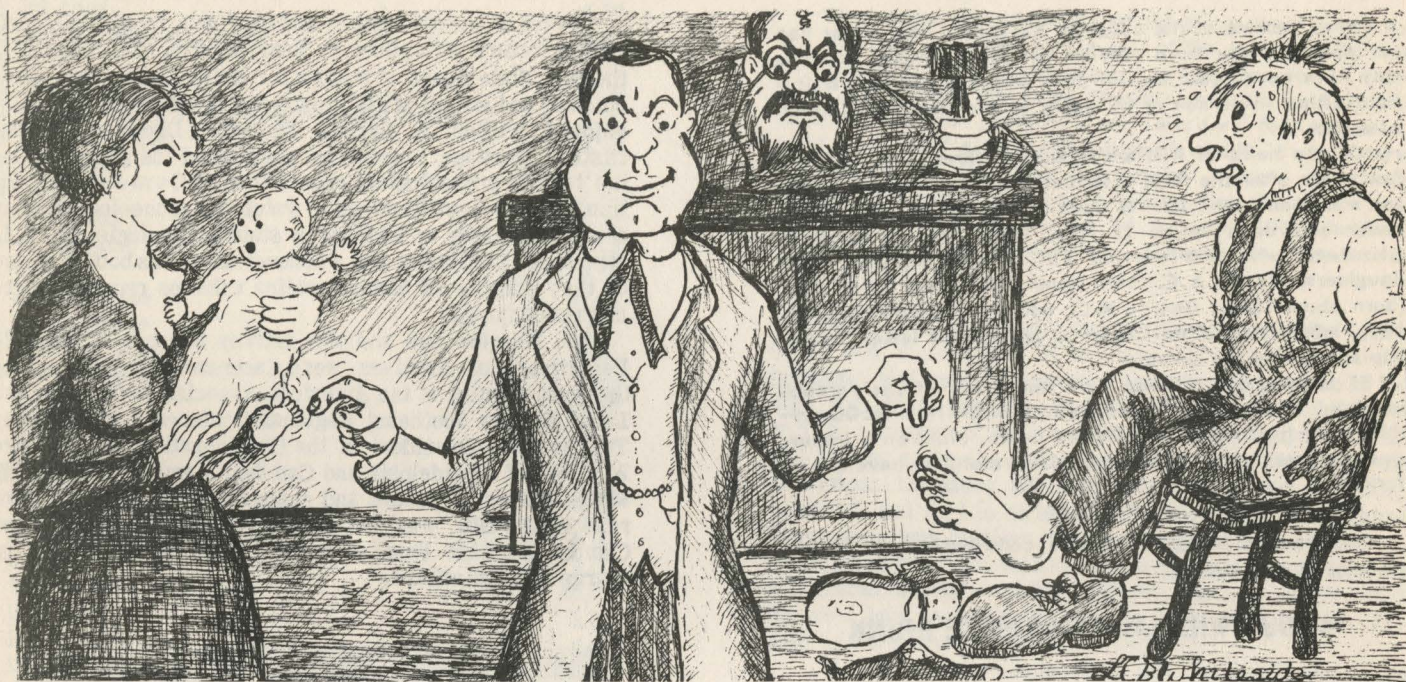
Dr. Charles Lee and Mr. Barney Slawson of the State Department of Archives were instrumental in arranging the joint meeting of the American Association for State and Local History Southeast Regional Conference. Mr. Harvey Teal is State President of the Confederation. Mr. Richard W. Lloyd of Philadelphia and Camden, member of the HCHS whose letters of praise and encouragement to us you have read in the IRQ, was introduced as the Patron Saint of the Camden Heritage Foundation. Mrs. W.A. Boykin Jr. was in charge of local affairs.



The late Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Gasque on the strand at Myrtle Beach. Mr. Gasque was affectionately called Babe. The Gasques are the parents of Bill Gasque and Virginia Gasque Ellsworth of Myrtle Beach, and Elizabeth Gasque Boroughs of Dillon. Courtesy of Elizabeth and Marie Wellons, Conway.



Up the front steps of Myrtle Beach Yacht Club.



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

M. A. Wright

Is the defendant the father of the child? That is the only question the jury is called upon to decide in a bastardy prosecution--the blunt language of the South Carolina code, elsewhere sometimes known as a paternity suit. The unwed mother, if she chooses, goes before a magistrate and "takes out" a warrant against the alleged sire. If he pleads not guilty, twelve good men and true must pass upon the veracity of the parties. Complete nonaccess at the required time, or non-engagement in procreative conduct--either, if believed by the jury, is, of course, a perfect defense.

A more popular defense tactic seems to be to admit to some naughtiness but charge that others also "sporting with Amaryllis in the shade." This is designed to create a reasonable doubt, beloved of all criminal lawyers. In a multitude of potential fathers there is safety for the accused.

As a very young lawyer in Conway, I was told by Col. Robert B. Scarborough of his unhappy experience with such a defense. I never knew how Mr. Scarborough acquired the Colonel title. Perhaps some governor conferred it as a reward for past, or hopeful expectation of future, favors. Sometimes the public took matters into its own hands and conferred the title upon elderly practitioners. Formerly, I believe, Squire was preferred.

Mr. Scarborough looked the part--tall, erect in an Ed Sullivan kind of way, well tailored--he chose suspenders instead of belt--slightly gray and bald when I first knew him, with an air of jaunty militance. He was one of the last of those who made an art of conversation. His language had an antique quaintness. He referred to a woman "who had twelve daughters, not a one of whom ever fell under the tongue of ill repute." There was a girl "who married a young man of the vicinity and bore the fruit of that union at her breast."

On a somnolent summer afternoon in his office between Town Hall and the Grace Hotel, in shirt sleeves behind a

desk laden with deeds, mortgages and other documents, Mr. Scarborough reminisced. As usual the talk got around to Munroe Johnson, the able Solicitor, or prosecuting attorney, for the circuit. The two men, protagonists in many trials, had the admiration which good craftsmen entertain for each other.

Years before they had been cast in their familiar roles as attorneys for prosecution and defense in a bastardy proceeding. The solicitor's case was quickly presented. There were the usual stock questions of and answers by the prosecutrix.

"Your name, please ma'am?"

The name was given.

"Age?"

"Eighteen."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"Do you have a child?"

"Yes, Sir. A boy. Names's Tom."

"Is the little fellow on your lap your son?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you know the father of your child?"

"I sure do. He's settin' right there," pointing to the defendant.

Then Mr. Scarborough took over the cross-examination. Names of several young men of the vicinity were mentioned. The prosecutrix denied she had ever so much as held hands with any of them. Cross-examination concluded, "The state rests," the Solicitor announced.

The defendant, led along by Mr. Scarborough, admitted a casual acquaintance with the young woman but firmly denied that anything had taken place which could possibly have resulted in the infant now cooing at the adjoining table.

To open the cross-examination, Mr. Johnson walked slowly toward the defendant, looking not at his face but at

his feet. He began:

"Son, that's a nice pair of shoes you got there. Where'd you get them?"

"At Burroughs and Collins."

"Mind taking off one and letting me see it?"

The shoe was removed and handed over to the Solicitor who seemed impressed, remarking that he would like to get a pair just like them.

"I knew something was up but, for the life of me, I couldn't imagine what," Mr. Scarborough related.

Then the Solicitor became engrossed with the sock of the unshod foot.

"Mind if you took off your sock and let me see it--I might get a pair of them, too?"

Slowly the sock was peeled off and passed over. Mr. Johnson's interest in the sock soon waned.

"Come over here with me to the jury." The mesmerized defendant meekly followed. Then Mr. Johnson got down on his knees and with a forefinger counted the toes--"One, two, three, four, five, six." Six there were as the jury saw. That concluded the cross-examination--not a word about mother, baby or indiscreet conduct.

The prosecutrix, babe in arms, was recalled by Mr. Johnson to the stand.

"Take off the little fellow's sock, please ma'am." It was done.

"Now bring little Tommie over here to the jury."

Again the damning count of toes--"One, two, three, four, five, six." There they were--six little pigs going to market and all the rest.

Mr. Scarborough may never have heard of Mendel's law. At that time genes and chromosomes had not entered the vocabulary. But he knew something of the law of probabilities and the million to one odds against such coincidence occurring without heredity. A more practical bit of knowledge--he knew when he was licked. He was granted a recess for a brief conference with his client, followed by a change of plea to guilty as charged.

INTERVIEW OF MRS. JULIA SMALLS

Etrulia P. Dozier

Interviewed and taped by Mrs. Helen Gardener Butler, February 8, 1970.

Arranged in question and answer form and compiled from tape and conversation with Mrs. H. Butler by Mrs. Etrulia P. Dozier, Librarian, Whittemore High School, Conway, South Carolina. Unedited.

Mrs. Smalls is a resident of Burgess, South Carolina, Burgess was formerly called the Free Woods.

Q. Who were your parents?

A. My mother's name was Annie Glover Smalls. My father's name was Toby Smalls.

Q. Who was your grandmother?

A. My Grandmother was Hannah Glover.

Q. How old was your mother?

A. My mother was 99 years old when she died. She died seven years ago.

Q. When were you born?

A. I was born Nov. 10, 1890.

Q. Did you ever do any kind of work?

A. Yes, I worked from Saturday to Saturday, 8 days a week, 25¢ per day for \$2.00 per week. I worked in Conway, S.C.

Q. What kind of work did you do?

A. I cooked 2 or 3 meals each day; I kept the kitchen and dining room.

Q. What kind of recreation did you enjoy?

A. We had parties for entertainment. We did the Old Plantation dance called the reel; eight and sixteen people would dance together (not close together), would stand off and swing each other.

Q. What kind of music did you have?

A. Two sticks were rapped together and beat on the floor. A mouth organ was also used. In later days, the guitar was played.

Q. What kind of clothes were fashionable for girls and women?

A. The Missy girls wore three quarter length dresses; the grown folk wore long ankle length dresses.

Q. What did the boys and men wear?

A. The boys wore Knickerbocker suits (short pants) until they were over half grown, or 21 years old.

Q. What kind of fabrics for clothing was available?

A. We had good materials: Worsted, serge, corduroy and velvet.

Q. How were clothes made?

A. Clothes were made on your fingers; there were no sewing machines.

Q. What can you tell me about quilting bees?

A. Railsplitting was held at Thanksgiving time. Rails were used to fence in the farms. Women quilted several quilts that day. A feast was enjoyed; there was lots of pork, a washpot full of cooked rice and pumpkin pie.

Q. What was Santa Claus like?

A. Santa Claus was very poor. Fruit was all we got. We made our own dolls out of cloth with cotton. If we needed them we got a pair of shoes and a dress.

Q. Did you have a doctor in those days to tend to the sick?

A. We had a doctor named Bethea who lived at Socastee. He traveled to see the sick by horse and buggy. There was Dr. Warden who lived at Brookgreen about 25 miles away; no matter how sick a person was you had to carry the person to him; he didn't come out. Dr. Starling was at Bucksport; you had to get in a boat, go get him and bring him to the sick.

Q. What happened when a person died?

A. When a person died there was a "setting up", the casket was a rough board box rubbed with smut and lined with white cloth. In my grandmother's day there was no undertaker; the person was buried the next day after he died. The preacher preached the funeral six months after the person died. My own father was carried to Goldfinch Funeral Home; there was no colored undertaker.

Q. What were some of the games you played?

A. We played see-saw on a rail or pole sometimes called "bear up."

Q. What did children do when their parents had company?

A. When your parents had company you went out-of-doors; if it were at night, you went to bed. Children had to go to bed at 8 o'clock.

Q. Where did you do your trading?

A. There was a general store at Bucksport; we got there by boat; there we could buy groceries and cloth.

Q. Did you have biscuits in those days?

A. We made biscuits everyday. There was acid in the barrel with the flour; your mixed soda, acid and flour before you made the biscuits.

- Q. Did you have stoves during your early days?
 A. We had stoves during my early days.
- Q. Where did the slaves who were given their freedom work after they became free?
 A. They worked on the Island after they received their freedom in rice fields; they made plenty of rice and sold it for \$1.00 a bushel.
- Q. Why was Burgess called the "Free Woods?"
 A. It was called the Free Woods because the slaves who received their freedom came here to live. They bought the land with rice; the land was bought for \$1.00 an acre.
- Q. How did the Free Woods receive the name of Burgess?
 A. The man who ran the Post Office's name was Willie Burgess. It received its name from him.
- Q. Who were some of the first people who came to live at Burgess?
 A. Cy, Tydus, Jacob, and Joseph Smalls, Tootie Johnson and Amos Richardson were among the first to move out in the Free Woods from the Longwood Plantation.
- Q. How was ground prepared for planting?
 A. The Ground was dug with a broad hoe.
- Q. How was the rice planted?
 A. Rice seed was sowed.
- Q. How was the rice crop watered?
 A. There was a trunk gate that opened into a ditch which led from the river and this was the irrigation of the rice crop. The water was allowed to run on the rice crop to keep the birds from eating up the rice. They would flow the field until the rice grew about 2 inches; then the trunk gate would be closed to turn off the water from the crop.
- Q. Who was your husband?
 A. My husband's name was Footie Smalls.
- Q. Did you have a mule to help with the farming in those days?
 A. No mule was in sight.
- Q. How did you lay by the rice?
 A. Rice was laid-by in water with a hoe.
- Q. About how much rice had to be worked?
 A. After rice got up; had to work it in water over 100 acres.
- Q. How much food did the morsel allow the slaves?
 A. A week's food for a slave family was a peck of sweet potatoes, a dozen salted fish; if there was a baby in the family you got 1 peck of grits and 1 piece of fat back. In the summertime you got 1 peck of meal and 1 quart of syrup. There was no grease to make bread; You put flour in the bottom of a 3 legged iron pot called a spider.
- Q. What were spoons made from?
 A. Wooden spoons made out of shingles were used to eat and cook with. Clam shells were also used for spoons.
- Q. Were there any beds in the early days?
 A. There were no beds; boards were nailed against the walls for beds and rice straw was used for mattresses; some people slept on the floor.
- Q. What was cloth called and what was it like in the early days?
 A. Cloth was called homespun; it looked like crocker sack or burlap.
- Q. Did your mother wear coats?
 A. Didn't have coats; wore shawls in my mother's time.
- Q. Were there shoes in your grandmother's time?
 A. Sometimes you had brogans; sometimes none, even in the wintertime. Grandmother knew men to ditch and crack the ice with their bare feet.
- Q. Did the slaves get any of the rice to eat?
 A. No, they didn't get any of the rice given to them; they would steal rice and hide it in the straw.
- Q. How were they able to steal the rice?
 A. They would have to tote rice straw to put in the corn field to use as manure, they would put a basket in the straw; steal rice and hide it in the basket in the straw; carry it on their heads to the corn field; when they got the chance they hid the rice in the swamp marking the spot. They returned to get it.
- Q. Where and how would they beat the rice out?
 A. They would beat the rice out in the swamp. They burned out a stump and made a round hole; then they took a piece of pole and sharpened the edge and beat the rice out. This was homemade a kind of morta and pestle; was used to beat the rice.
- Q. How was the rice made white?
 A. The rice would be red the first time it was beaten; corn shucks would be put in to beat it the second time and made it white.
- Q. What would happen to the slaves if they were caught beating out the rice they had stolen?
 A. If they were caught, they would get a whipping by the overseer; therefore, they would beat the stolen rice out in the night instead of the day.
- Q. Where were the slaves beaten?
 A. There was a place called the "whipping house." The slaves were also beaten for any task nor finished; the next day they had to complete the unfinished task as well as the new task.
- Q. Were there churches in the early days?
 A. No, there was no church. The folks would go to each other's house and sing and shout.
- Q. Were there any schools in your grandmother's time?
 A. No, never heard of such a thing as school.
- Q. Were there chairs to sit in during the early days?
 A. No, we used benches instead of chairs. The bench was made from 1 piece of board and four spokes (legs).
- Q. Were there matches to use?
 A. No matches; the tittler horn was beat against a rock until it sparked and a piece of rag was lit. A huge log stayed in the back of the chimney winter and summer.
- People would carry fire to and from each other's house.
- Q. Have you heard of any incidents relative to the Civil War?
 A. After the war when the Negroes were freed Old Lady Biner Johnson (colored) the Great Grandmother of Mrs. Maybelle Doctor and the mother of Mrs. Luvenia Hunt of Bucksport, S.C., was nursing her morsel's child when the Yankee Soldiers came through and told her to put the child down. The soldiers told her she didn't have any morsel; she was free. She had to put the child down. The morsel and his wife had to run in the swamps and leave the child to escape the Yankee Soldiers.
- Q. How did you get to Conway in the early days?
 A. A mule and wagon were driven to Conway and back. You had to go to Peachtree (near the inland waterway) to take a ferry. The mule and wagon were taken across on the ferry; after getting across the ferry you would drive the mule and wagon on to Conway.
- Q. What were wash tubs and water buckets made from?
 A. Wash tubs and water buckets were made out of boards. Hooks were made to put around the tubs of white oak.
- Q. Were there wells for water in your grandmother's day?
 A. No, there were no wells; there was a spring which furnished water for a whole plantation of people.
- Q. Was your grandmother alive after you were grown?
 A. Yes, my grandmother was living after I was grown.
- Q. How did your grandmother react to the first automobile that she saw?
 A. When grandmother saw the first automobile, she ran

and called it a house moving on the road. The first time she rode in a car she laid down in it; she was afraid she was going to fall. It was a model T.

- Q. How long was the school term in your days?
 A. In my time we went to school for 3 months; my older sisters and brothers went for six weeks. Later on there was a six months session of school.
 Q. How old were you when you started to school?
 A. I was 12 years old; I was the nurse for the smaller children.
 Q. What else do you remember about your school days?
 A. My teacher's name was Miss Nellie Kidd. We walked 2 miles or more to school on very bad roads. We went to school in Sept. and Oct. and sometimes some of November, if the weather wasn't too cold. We didn't go to school at all when it got cold. The School was a one room building with a clay chimney and fireplace made out of clay. The boys gathered wood for the fire. We carried lunch baskets with whatever was left over from supper, collards, etc. We set our lunch baskets in front of the fireplace to keep warm. The teacher's lunch basket would sit in the front of the fireplace too.

DUSENBURY DOCUMENTS

Herbert Hucks, Jr.

The originals of these two documents are owned by Mrs. Sadie D. Clarke and Miss Emeline Dusenbury, 300 21st Avenue, South, Hurl Rocks, Myrtle Beach.

The recipient of the letter was Bessie Dusenbury who married Leon Burroughs, mother of Brantley, Estelle, and Vivian. During the twenties, Mrs. Burroughs, then living in her home opposite The Burroughs School, Main Street and Ninth Avenue, Conway, supplied sandwiches for a small fee to the school, thus pioneering a school lunch program. (See IRQ, Vol. 3, No. 4, Oct. '69.)

The information below was furnished by James Elkanah Dusenbury to James Francis Dusenbury, at Socastee, S.C. about Aug. 15, 1897.

Our grandfather was Rev. Samuel Dusenbury. His father was Chas. Dusenbury of Peekskill, New York. His mother was Sallie Conklin, also of Peekskill. Rev. Samuel Dusenbury was born at Peekskill. He left Peekskill during the war of 1812, assassistant surgeon on a privateer. At the close of the war, the cruise of the privateer being over, he was given his discharge at the port of Charleston. The country was then in an unsettled state and the next authentic account we have of him he was located in Columbus county, N.C.

We do not know the name of the above privateer, neither do we know from what port she hailed, but presume it was from New York or Peekskill. The original commission granted to Dr. Samuel Dusenbury, assistant surgeon in the Navy, was written on sheep skin and is now in the possession of Lieutenant James Saye Dusenbury, U.S.A., of Fort Totten, N.Y. Several years ago one dozen imperishable photographs were made of this commission and promiscuously distributed among the Dusenbury family. By virtue of this service on this ship, in the year 1849, the United States government

awarded him a land warrant for 160 acres of land. This land was located out west and he realized for it \$160.00. Grandfather was a Baptist preacher and a school teacher, having taught school in Robeson County, N.C. at a place called Ashpole Baptist Church. After his boys had settled in Horry County, S.C., he came to Bucks Lower Mill in that county between 1850 and 1855 and lived with his youngest son, James D. Dusenbury, up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1864.

He was a great sufferer from rheumatism. Just previous to his removal to Bucks Lower Mill, he taught school in Robeson County, N.C. and lived with William Ayers, who was also a Baptist preacher.

He married a widow, named Lay, whose maiden name was Mary Ellis. Mary Ellis was an Irishwoman, named Mary Drysdal. Mary Drysdal is therefore our great grandmother. Mary Drysdal emigrated from the Emerald Isle to this country, and married one Ellis, whom she met in Charleston, S.C. How they ever came to locate in North Carolina, we are not advised. Our father (J.E.D.) thinks Mary Drysdal was a milliner.

Mary Lay, nee Ellis, was the mother of six children by her first husband, namely, John Ellis, Joe, Mary, Patsy and Nancy. Her Dusenbury children were all boys and in the order of their birth were: Timothy, Zacheus William, Samuel Soloman and Jas. Elkanah. All of these boys came to Horry County from Columbus. Zacheus William secured a position as lumber surveyor at the Old Upper Mill. Jas. E. came down next and lived with Z.W. He was also lumber surveyor. Uncle Sol had learned the tailoring business under Jno. Allen and was the third one of the boys to come to Horry. He located in Conway, where he pursued the vocation of tailor. Timothy was the last to move from Columbus County, N.C. to Horry County, S.C. He was a farmer and lived where Harrison Alford now lives.

Grandfather had several brothers. One of them was named William. We are under the impression that he was a jeweler and that he located at Wheeling, W.Va.

Charles Dusenbury's and Sam Dusenbury's names were berry. Uncle Zack with the concurrence of the other boys changed it to bury. Sometime in the far distant past, the name was changed from Van Dusen to Van Dusenbury or from Van Dusenbury to Van Dusen and later, from one of those names to Dusenbury.

Port Harrelson, S.C.
 Oct 4th 1886

Dear Bessie,

Your welcome letter was received one day not long ago. I was very glad to hear from you, but sorry to hear that sister Flora was not very well. I went up to Bell's Bay Sunday morning and spent part of the day there I came back down here in the evening to preaching and saw eight receive into the church they were Frank, Bill Daniels, Frank Skipper, Miss and Melle Cannon, Minnie Dusenbury and Two Miss Roberts.

Mr. Jackson received them into the church, preached and then administered the Sacrament and never sung a hymn I was surpaised and I think every boddy else was too. Mama was well enough to come down Sunday. Bubby Dick came down to Bells Bay Saturday night I saw him Sunday morning a little while but it didn't seem very long, time

can fly when any one begins to enjoy them selves can't it?

The last time I heard from Socastee they were all well. Bubber Dick told me Sunday that Miss Georgia Stalvey, and young Dr. Sweet were to have been married in the church at Socastee Sunday. I wish I had known it before Sunday eve I would have gone over there certain. I send you by the mail tonight two Algrbras and some candy hope you will enjoy the candy hugely. You didn't say any thing about the girls of Gibsen Station are there many up there and are they pretty you know I like to hear all the news and especially about the girls. Sister Rosa got her trunks Sunday they have been at Pee Dee Bridge about two weeks, when she opened them she gave me a glass of jelly that Mrs. Saye sent to me, now don't you know I appreciate that?

Old May is back home again he is cooking for sister Rosa. I think he is just as happy as he ever cares to be. Frank keeps talking about going to Charleston to school but has not gone yet. Joe is teaching school in Socastee right on.

I want to go to Conway right bad. Mr Burroughs family got back there last Friday and you know who went off with them.

Give my love to sister and Mr. C tell them to write and you do the same.

Love from Your brother
Ben

A TOUCH OF HISTORY

Herbert Hucks, Jr.

P.O. Box 5193
Spartanburg, S.C. 29301
March 26, 1970

Dear Miss Epps:

Today I received the original of the attached copies (Xerox and "translation") of "LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MABERY STALVEY WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF JAMES' ISLAND," and although I cannot vouch for the originality of the soldier who wrote it—whether he paraphrased something that was popular at the time, or whether every word came from the writer's mind, I submit it to you as a "touch of Horry County History."

Because of the STALVEY name I know that many persons will be interested in it. I believe that PETER I. STALVEY was a brother of ISAAH STALVEY, but I cannot prove it from the CENSUS.

The writer of the poem used "MABERY," or so it appears. The Censuses indicate plainly MABURY, or enough to convince me that MABURY is nearer correct—but who knows?—maybe the soldier had it right and the Census taker spelled it his own way, if it was not spelled out for him! I have seen enough of the Census spelling to indicate that some of the takers must have been careless, or else spelled phonetically often! It really makes no difference I think.

I am sending the copies to you unfolded, in case you prefer to take a picture of the Xerox copy—folds in the paper might make a difference, although I doubt it.

MRS. GERTRUDE (OSCAR N.) VICK, whom you may remember, and my father were children of sisters: MRS. OLIN CLARDY and MRS. J. BEN HUCKS—so I guess we are second cousins!

Still have not tracked down the parents of the WEST sisters so prominent in my father's side of the family, but the way Biblical names persisted I think one day I'll suc-

ceed. It's interesting! Now I'm trying to find who the SUS-ANNAH C. HUCKS' parents were: she was my grandfather J. BEN HUCKS' grandmother—wife of ISAAH HUCKS—but the "C"—if it was a maiden name, so far has escaped me. I have not examined an 1840 Census yet—that may be the clue, if names were called in that one—they began to list all family names in 1850 and 1860, etc.

Hoping to continue to try to find interesting things for you and the fine IRQ, and to see you when my wife and I are down your way again, I am

Sincerely,
Herbert Hucks, Jr.

Lines written on the death of Mabery Stalvey who fell at the battle of James' Island.

When duty calls and friends must part,
What anguish tears the aching heart,
The husband parting from his wife
To save his home or lose his life

Among the rest who found a grave
His country, home, and friends to save
Was one who died from all so dear
No loving ones could reach him there

Thou lonely wife look up to God,
You surely have felt the afflicting rod.
Even after death 't was not for thee,
His form so dear your eyes to see.

Said he to a friend standing near,
To watch each change with anxious care
Tell wife and children not to mourn
I feel that I am going home.

My dearest ones at home—Good bye
I trust I am prepared to die.
Restrain your grief heart stricken wife
God called him from this world of strife

He bravely fought his victory won
The Savior calls, soldier go home
The cry of war and cannon's roar
Are there all hushed to sound no more.

On James' Isle, beneath the sod
His body rests,,, his soul's with God,
Has met his little James up there
Together now their bliss they share,
Father has met his darling boy,
In realms of everlasting joy
They'll sing sweet hymns of heavenly praise
Through never ending happy days,

Though lost on earth it is their gain
Tis vain to wish them back again

I trust our sins shall be forgiven
& may we meet with them in heaven,
A lonely mother and her babe,
Is left none now to cheer or aid
So believe in Jesus he'll defend
He is the widow and orphans' friend

NOTE: 1850 U.S. Census shows PETER I. STALVEY 67,
KATEY STALVEY 38, MABURY STALVEY 16.
In the 1860 U.S. Census MABURY STALVEY is shown

as 27; CATHERINE STALVEY shown as 52, must have been his mother.

Allowing for variation in "census-taking, "PETER I. & CATHERINE STALVEY must have been his parents.

From Family Bible of MRS. ROSA STALVEY CLARDY (OLIN) daughter of GEORGE and ELIZA ANN WEST STALVEY; now owned by her daughter, MRS. OSCAR N. (GERTRUDE) VICK, 1640 Savannah Hi-way, Charleston, S.C., 29407. Copy made March 26, 1970, by HERBERT HUCKS, JR., P.O. Box 5193, Spartanburg, S.C., 29301, great-grandson of GEORGE and ELIZA ANN WEST STALVEY.

THE COLONEL WRITES

C. C. Dusenbury

Colonel Carl Dusenbury, U.S.A. Retired, (See IRQ, Vol. 4, No. 2, Apr. '70), in letters to his cousin Henry Woodward and to your editor, refers his Dusenbury kith and kin to "the late Julian Dusenbury who supplied information to Bradley Dusenbury, author of a book on the Dusenbury family." When the Colonel sent in the verse TO MARY JANE, he thought it was written by Mary Jane's brother, Col. Dusenbury's father. His second letter here makes a correction.

219 Windward Is
Clearwater, Fla.
22 March.

Dear Henry —

I missed my usual siesta the afternoon I rec'd copies of the Independent Republic Quarterly. I was spellbound with interest and nostalgia generated by the many items included in memorabilia such as the photographs at Union Church and the beach. I remember well the pavilion beside the old hotel where the grownups danced on Saturday night and white flannel trousers were de regeur.

I am sure you were interested in the favorable references to your father.

I don't know whether or not you have an abiding devotion to genealogy. You probably join me in agreeing with the chap who said "Who you are doesn't matter as much as what you are." There are so many children and grandchildren that it would be tedious and unnecessary to mention them. (You may remember that Dr. H.H. Burroughs said that Horry Co. was famous for younguns and yam potatoes)

There are some aspects of your grandfather's family which would redound to their honor and should not be overlooked.

The locale of the family was Pot Bluff Landing on the Waccamaw River where Naval Stores were shipped to American and foreign ports in sailing vessels. Ole Andersen was a sailor on one of the vessels and married Mary Jane.

A descendant of each sub-family could furnish you the data which you could compile. You are well situated, probably have the time and I am certain you have the flair for composition necessary for the job.

You would be doing yoe-man service to your grandfather's memory and add an additional limb to the Dusenbury family tree.

Sincerely, Carl

26 May 1970

Dear Florence—

As for the verse "Mary Jane," Henry is sure that the author was Zaccheus the grandfather. I know my father's middle name was William and his first name which I remember as Zack, was probably Zaccheus but it may be an error. Henry is probably right since my father was only fourteen years old at the time, on duty at the prisoner of war camp in Florence. It was the name Zack W.D. — which made me think of my father.

I was sorry to miss you in Conway — Henry said you would be busy until five. As a boy, I admired your father tremendously. He carried himself so well and seemed always perfectly dressed — I even remember the morning coat he wore to church.

If you ever come to Maggie in the summer, Helen and I would be very pleased to see you.

Sincerely,
Carlisle Dusenbury

TO MARY JANE

My pretty little Mary Jane,
When shall I see your face again,
And let those lovely arms of thine
Around my neck so fondly twine.

But I am not without a hope,
That I shall soon come riding up
The broad and straight old avenue,
To see Van Dorn and Sissy too.

And when the happy day shall come
That poor old papa does get home
So fondly will I you embrace
And kiss your pretty little face.

Then Sissy you must not be sad,
For I a promise once have made
To be at home sometime you know
Between this time and April O.

So be a pretty girl and do
Whatever mama tells you to,
And never let it once be said,
You do not try to learn to read.

And if you'll learn to read and write,
Keep your dress clean, and be polite,
There never will be born again
A prettier girl than Mary Jane.

And pretty is as pretty does
And you must pretty do, because
In saying this I do not lie,
You are the sight of papa's eye.

It's for the love I have for you
And all the boys and mama too,
That I am here with sword in hand
To fight and free our native land.

Then if it's love that made us part,
Who can describe the joy of heart,
When papa shall come home again,
And see his lovely Mary Jane.

I know you'll think the time quite long;
But you must sing this little song,
And while the passing hours away
Assured that papa will come some day.

Z. W. D.
(Zack W. Dusenbury)

Camp Weston, Feb. 18, 1862



Carlisle Dusenbury early in his military career. Courtesy of Miss Jessie Dusenbury who lives in the old family home, Highway 701, Toddville.

BOOTLEG BOOZE

During my high school days, prohibition was the law of the land. 'Twas reported that at night boats from Wilmington would anchor off shore and smaller boats would row out to meet them and bring in the bootleg booze. I do not know that there was any truth in this rumor but we were told that the occasional mule and wagon teams that we saw on the strand on low tide nights were there for conveyance of the whiskey to the dealers.

I do know, however, that one morning a young swain asked my mother permission for me to walk on the strand with him so he could look for his watch he had lost on a sand dune the night before. We walked hand in hand till we reached a spot where he began furiously to dig. He soon unearthed a quart jar of moonshine whiskey which he slipped under his coat as we trudged back home.



Dr. C. J. Epps, Phg. Colonel Dusenbury as a little boy may have seen my father in these clothes. Someone told me that when he walked down the railroad track on Sunday afternoons (then a popular pastime), some of the local citizenry, unaccustomed to seeing men wearing gloves, pointed and jeered at him!

Dear Florence:

Thank you for sharing copies of Independent Quarterly with me. Congratulations on its excellence. I was interested in some of your genealogy facts. Found that there was a Jane Conway in one line from Virginia. My family came to South Carolina from the Valley of Virginia. I'll be delighted either to write you a story or provide the material for someone else to do it. I have many facts about the illiteracy campaign. Come, spend the night with me when you are in town to see Mr. Lee. I'll share my files with you.

Someone could get material for M.A. thesis out of it.

Sincerely,
Wil Lou Gray

HUNTING YOUR ANCESTORS IN SOUTH CAROLINA

A GUIDE FOR THE AMATEUR GENEALOGIST by Mrs. Evelyn McD. Frazier describes how to trace historic records in South Carolina.

This 24-page booklet gives all known sources of information in South Carolina and suggests the best ways of utilizing them, stressing also problems which may confront the genealogist.

For price list and other information, contact the Florentine Press, P.O. Box 878, Walterboro, South Carolina 29488.

FROM AMBROSE GONZALES TO MARGARET KLEIN

Whether my aunt was avoiding Mr. Ambrose on purpose or not, I do not know. A number of notes accuse her of eluding him. They remained friends nonetheless and I recall hearing of her visit to him which must have been during his last illness. He died in July 1926. I have her copy of LAGUERRE, A GASCON of the BLACK

BORDER inscribed to her from him and dated April 16, 1926. As I was told by a mutual friend of theirs, Aunt Margaret jumped up on a chair to lower a shade letting in too much light for his weary eyes.

"Same slim ankles, Maggie," he observed.
"Same keen eyes, Ambrose," she retorted.

The State.
DAILY, SUNDAY, SEMI-WEEKLY.

A. E. GONZALES,
Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 23rd, 1901.

Dear Little Two Eyes: You mean thing! I had to write your brother John for your address which you didn't give me when I had your last note sometime last fall. Miss Fraser, too was worried about you fearing you were ill, but John tells me you are quite well. Have you anything to confess?

When are you coming South?

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Yours sincerely,

Ambrose E. Gonzales



Margaret Anne Klein about 19 or younger.



Margaret Anne Klein, who developed the Hurl Rocks section at the south end of Myrtle Beach. She died in 1941 at her home Hurlcote (See IRQ, Vol. 2, No. 3, July '68).

The Johns Hopkins Hospital

27 Nov. 1915.

Thank you and bless you
my daughter. It was
good of you to remember one
lonely and in pain.
Hope I may get well
enough to see you soon.
As always,
"Father Ambrose"

EARLY MYRTLE BEACH SUMMER RESIDENTS



Myrtle Beach bathers early 1900's.



Braving the surf.



Mildred Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm W. Collins, Conway, on porch of first house built for summer residency in Myrtle Beach.



Miss Olivia J. Cook (Aunt Teedie), great aunt of Mrs. Minnie Collins Jensen, Conway and Mrs. Genevieve Willcox Chandler, Mr. Clark Willcox Jr., Murrells Inlet, on a Myrtle Beach sand dune.



Bessie King with baby Mildred Collins, Miss Olivia J. Cook of Bennettsville, Minnie Collins, and Mr. Malcolm W. Collins.



Minnie Collins, Mozelia Hedley, in front of the Barrett's cottage, Idleways, Myrtle Beach.



Mozelia Hedley, Minnie Collins, Myrtle Beach.



Minnie Collins, Margaret Mawhinney in front of Myrtle Beach's first bath house.



Bottom row: Margaret Mawhinney, Emory Blalock, Charlie Adams. Top row: Mozelia Hedley, Minnie Collins. Epps' cottage, Brightwaters, in background. 1918.



Viggo C. Jensen of Copenhagen, Denmark, holding Pick Norton and Beatrice Ambrose of Conway, Pick is now Mrs. Johnny Hart of York, S. C. Bee is Mrs. W. A. Collins of Myrtle Beach.



Fannie Dusenbury and friend on the Myrtle Beach strand.



Myrtle Beach street in early 1930's.



Ed Hinnant's Night Owl Orchestra, Myrtle Beach Pavilion, about 1920.

WHO KNOWS?

Mrs. Nell P. Reid of Oakland Plantation, Fort Motte, S.C., writes: John Goodwyn married Lucy Epps — from Virginia — can you help me Out? Came to S.C. from Dinwiddie, Va. about 1740 — along with John Taylor. Settled in Richland County. Back then every other child had Epps in their name.

NOTICE!

Our 1880 census is ready for distribution. Send your order to the Treasurer, Mrs. D.S. Nye, Jr., 213 Park Ave., Conway, S.C. 29526

A Tricentennial copy of the IRQ will include articles pertaining to early settlements and industry in chronological order with pictures. They will be sold for \$3.50 during the first week of August and as long as they last.

If you have photographs of old churches, schools or businesses in the county, please lend them for our Tricentennial issue. Notify your editor by mail or call Conway 248-5888.

SIGN YOUR NAME! THE FIGHT AGAINST ILLITERACY

We would like to know if the adult schools of 1921, '22, '23 had a reflex influence on the willingness of our citizens to vote a bond issue for school buildings rather than build a school bit by bit.

If you can witness to this result, or supply any pertinent information or pictures on Horry's pioneer fight against illiteracy, please write your editor or call Conway 248-5888.

CHURCHES! CHURCHES!

Please send us your history. A rich church history is here, but only the Methodists have given freely of their records and interesting accounts. Send them to The Editor, 514 Main St., Conway, S.C., 29526. Type your manuscript, double space on regular size typing paper, NOT legal size NOR small pieces of paper.

A woman who became wealthy in middle age boasted: "I'm gone to buy me a cologne mansion at the end of a revenue and entertain in a hostile manner."



House Party at Murrel's Inlet. Lady in white bonnet, striped blouse, is Lula Badger Buck, wife of Henry L. Buck, Conway. At time of picture she was wife of Henry Bk ck, Marion, believed to be the man seated, in white shirt, with gun.

COMING DOWN TO CAMP AT MURRELLS INLET

In 1898 we came from Marion to camp at the Inlet. We spent two days travelling in a caravan of two covered wagons that held our quilts, and a buggy. We would spend the night where dark caught us, would sleep on top of cotton, spread quilts over cotton in the shed room of the house.

At one house there was an organ that had never been played and Mama played the organ. . . .and Gertrude Buck who married Philip Hamer sang "I'll Be What You Want Me to Be," those stirring words from the old Methodist hymnal.

GENEVIEVE TOLD ME

During World War 1 in France, a Sargeant from Horry in the Engineer Corps came up early one morning before day, and his greeting was: "Come all you menses, put on your rop leggin's, and git your inurgency rations, 'cause we gwine down to de front and we gwine have suspicion all along the way."

Joseph Auslander, the poet, while on a visit to Genevieve Willcox Chandler, was taken by his hostess to the home of an admirable woman of limited means and opportunity, whose life was replete with tragedy. Mrs. Chandler's cheery introduction rang out,

"Mr. Auslander's an Austrian!"

"I'm Methodist, come right in," was the gentle soul's salutation.

"Tell me the story of HEAVEN'S GATE, Genevieve," I asked Mrs. Chandler as I rocked in her rope hammock under a big live oak at the edge of the creek. HEAVEN'S GATE is a marvelous, original miracle play the Negroes of the Inlet used to play.

"Oh, yes, and the funerals, funerals, funerals. . . .all so different, so emotional," she sighed as her lively mind alighted on a kindred subject. "I went to see a colored family once whose old mama had passed away. The daughter responded to my condolences: "She'll never have to beg for no more meat and grits. She's eatin' milk and honey today."



The ADVENTURE makes her advent into South Carolina. Docking at Bucksport, her first landing in our state.

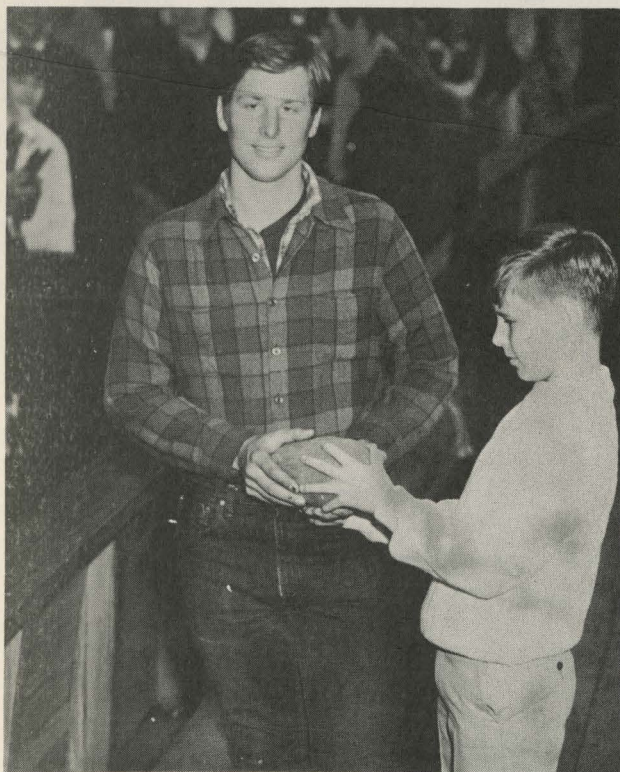
WELCOME OF "THE ADVENTURE"

Bucksport, S. C.

March 28, 1970

PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS**STAR SPANGLED BANNER**

WELCOMED.W. Green, Jr.

PRESENTATION OF PLAQUEMrs. LaVerne Creel,
representing Conway and Grand Strand Chamber of
CommercePRESENTATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG—Miss Laura
Jeanette Quattlebaum, Member of S.C. Tricentennial
Comm.PRESENTATION OF BALLAST STONE . . .Master Jonathan
Buck, Great, great, great grandson of Henry Buck,
founder of Bucksport**RETIRE THE COLORS****ADJOURNMENT**

Jonathan Buck, great great, great, great grandson of Henry Buck, founder of Bucksport, presents ballast stone to Hunt Howell, representative of Richardson's Boat Shop, Cambridge, Maryland, builder of the ADVENTURE. Mast and sails to be hoisted later.

WELCOME

In this year 1970, South Carolina is celebrating its Tricentennial. The focal points of the statewide celebration are at Charles Towne on the Ashley River, the Hampton-Preston House in Columbia, and the industrial pavilion on Roper Mountain in Greenville County. There will be local observance in each county based on local county history.

In connection with the Charles Towne celebration, the South Carolina Tricentennial Commission has caused to be constructed a replica of a 17th century trading ketch, The Adventure. The Adventure is 50 feet long, 16 feet wide and a draft of 8 feet. The keel is a single piece of oak 43' long 8" wide and 8" thick. It will have a 50' mast. The Adventure is typical of the trading ketch in use on the eastern seaboard in the 17th and early 18th centuries. The ship's architect is Admiral William Avery Baker, Retired. Admiral Baker spent many hours of research to the end that The Adventure would be authentic. It was built by Richardson's Boat Shop in Cambridge, Maryland.

Today Horry County is proud to have the opportunity to participate in the Statewide celebration to a small degree by welcoming The Adventure and a representative of her builder, Mr. Hunt Howell, to South Carolina and Horry County. I will ask Mr. Howell to step forward and be recognized.

We also welcome the captain of the United States Navy Tug and her crew to Horry County and South Carolina. Would you please step forward and be recognized.

PRESENTATION OF PLAQUE

At this time, I will recognize Mrs. LaVerne Creel, representing the Chamber of Commerce of Conway and the Grand Strand. Mrs. Creel will present a plaque to the vessel in commemoration of this occasion.

PRESENTATION OF FLAG

Miss Laura Jeanette Quattlebaum, a member of the South Carolina Tricentennial Commission, will make a presentation at this time.

PRESENTATION OF BALLAST STONE

It seems to be rather fitting for the welcome to The Adventure to be made here at Bucksport. In the year 1635, 35 years before the first landing at Charles Towne, William Buck sailed from London aboard the Increase, and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts. One hundred twenty-seven years later, on July 21, 1762, his great grandson, the first Jonathan Buck, landed from his sloop "Sally" to found the Town of Bucksport, Maine. Sixty-three years later in 1825 his grandson, Henry Buck, founded this community of Bucksport. For the next hundred years, Bucksport was the scene of great commercial activity with sailing vessels coming up the Waccamaw River on the incoming tides to trade in lumber and naval stores. A thriving shipyard was operated on the site of this dock and a number of oceangoing sailing vessels were constructed here. In winter the vessels from New England would come South using blocks of ice for

ballast. Mr. Henry Buck operated the first ice house in the area here at Bucksport, storing the ice used for ballast in sawdust which kept it from melting until the following summer. In summer, stones were used. These ballast stones would be thrown overboard and today they can be seen on the bank here, under and behind this dock, when the water is not quite so high.

We have salvaged one of these stones and it would seem to be appropriate to place this stone aboard The Adventure as a symbol of its historical significance.

It is my pleasure to present Master Jonathan Buck, the great, great, great grandson of Henry Buck, the founder of Bucksport, S.C., who will present the ballast stone to Mr. Howell who will place it aboard the vessel.



Participating in welcome ceremony. Back row: Color Guard of Myrtle Beach Air Force Base. Front row: D. W. Green, Laura Janette Quattlebaum, Laverne Creel, Jonathan Buck, Hunt Howell. By mistake, an American flag was sent. It will be replaced by a South Carolina flag to fly on the ketch. Following the mistake of newsmen, radio and TV announcers, the name ADVENTURER was engraved on the plaque. It will be corrected to ADVENTURE, the proper name of the vessel.

ERRATUM

In Vol. 4, No. 2, Apr. '70, please make the following corrections in your copy: p. 7, under Presbyterian Church, add 1921. P. 7, complete the title to read: BRIEF HISTORY OF COMPANY B, TENTH REGIMENT, SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY, by J.R. Tolar, CHILD OF THE REGIMENT. P. 25, complete the title to read: OF ROBERT CONWAY, JUSTICE OF THE QUORUM. P. 32, the third sentence should read: "In the rear seat was Ambrose Gonzales . . ." The last sentence should read: "Photo from THE NEWS AND COURIER, Sunday, October 28, 1956, illustrated an article by W.D. Workman, Jr., Capital Correspondent. P. 37, under Mrs. Snider's picture, the last sentence should begin: "Mrs. Snider, an intellectual . . ." P. 42, under the picture add 1921.

NEWBERRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Post Office Box 224

Newberry, South Carolina 29108

The Newberry County Historical Society, as a contribution to South Carolina's Tricentennial program, has unanimously decided to reprint John B. Carwile's book entitled "Reminiscences of Newberry." This rare volume has been out of print for more than 75 years and the Society feels that the demand for this book will justify the entire.

The book contains sketches of early leaders of Newberry and many of the early families of our community are mentioned.

Attached to this letter is an actual copy of the index which gives a list of the prominent family names in the book.

The book will be off press June 15 and the Society is offering it at a prepublication price of \$4.50 per copy if orders are received by June 15. After that date, the price will be \$6 per copy. All proceeds will be used to finance historical projects in this area. Please complete the order form below and return immediately in order to reserve a copy at the prepublication price.

NEWBERRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

P. O. Box 224

Newberry, South Carolina 29108

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____ including
S. C. Sales Tax of 4% for which send me post paid
() copies of

JOHN B. CARWILE'S "REMINISCENCES OF
NEWBERRY"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zip Code _____

Book will be mailed promptly.

WHAT WAS COOKING?

In the faithful, persistent way of women, these recipes were handed down from mother to

daughter, friend to friend in The Independent Republic of Horry.



Mrs. S.H. Godfrey, Mrs. E.J. Sherwood, Mrs. C.J. Epps, Myrtle Beach neighbors, 1931.

From Summer Neighbors, Myrtle Beach, Pre and Post World War I. Found handwritten in the cookbook of Mrs. C.J. Epps (Agnes Klein)

RAISIN ROLLS

Raisin RollsMrs. E. J. Sherwood (Bess Burroughs)
Light bread roll dough

1/2 c nuts

1/2 c raisins

3/4 c brown sugar

1 teaspoon cinnamon

Put up and let rise two hours.

Roll dough out very thin and put in filling and cut.

BROWN SUGAR COOKIES

Brown Sugar Cookies . . .Mrs. A.W. Barrett (Mamie Atwater)
1/4 cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, melted together; cool.
Beat into this 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1/4 tsp salt, 1 tsp baking powder, 1 tsp vanilla, 1/4 cup broken nut meats. Spread on shallow pan on greased paper and bake 30 minutes in hot oven. Cut in squares and remove while hot.

JUMBLES

Jumbles.Mrs. D.V. Richardson (Precious)

Cup butter

1 1/2 c sugar

3 c flour

3 eggs

3 teaspoons baking powder (Don't beat eggs separately, drop one in at a time in sugar and butter. Extract. Pinch of salt. Drop from teaspoon. Stick raisins on top.



Mamie Atwater Barrett, wife of A.W. Barrett. Courtesy of her son, Billy Barrett, 602 5th Ave., Myrtle Beach.



Jessamine Buck Richardson (Mrs. D.V.), Precious.

HERMIT COOKIES

Hermit Cookies . . . Mrs. F.A. Burroughs (Mis' Ilo)

3 cups of flour (sift flour before measuring)
 1 cup sugar (brown sugar if possible)
 3/4 cup butter
 2 eggs
 1 cup raisins
 1 T. soda
 1 teaspoon ginger, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.
 1 tablespoon vanilla
 Drop (teaspoon) in large pan



Mrs. F. A. Burroughs

LEMON PIE

Lemon Pie . . . Mrs. H.W. Ambrose (Maude Law) known for her fancy table full of "good eats."

1/5 package of Graham crackers (add a little salt)
 About 1/2 block of butter melted and worked into crumbs
 Rind of one lemon
 Juice of three lemons (not over juicy) add a little salt to this
 Yolks of three eggs well beaten
 Can Eagle Brand condensed milk
 Make meringue of the 3 whites of eggs
 Lemon filling for pies
 6 eggs (leave out three whites for top)
 Juice and rind of 3 lemons.
 1 cup of sugar
 2 cups of water
 Butter size of walnut. 1 tablespoon of corn starch (not heaping) Cook on top of stove.



Mrs. Ambrose's home, 1503 Elm St., Conway, built in 1923. Mrs. Ambrose, was a native of Toronto, Canada, and so she chose an English manor style for her new home. The home was exquisitely decorated by Dora Gray of Columbia. Dr. L.M. Medlin bought the house in 1959. These views were taken by him in 1960 on the rare occasion of snow on the ground! The little girl is Janet Medlin.



Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Freeman in front of their Myrtle Beach cottage.

CHEESE BISCUIT

Cheese Biscuit. . . Mrs. W.A. Freeman (Neil Duncan)
 1/2 lb. cheese
 1/2 lb butter
 2 cups flour
 Roll thin like biscuits. Cut with small cutter and bake in moderate oven.

FROM SWEET MISS SUE



Mrs. Paul Quattlebaum

I read once that all mothers should have a favorite food for her children which would give off a wonderful aroma. My mother, Sue Martin Quattlebaum, lived up to this idea in the most delicious way. Saturday afternoon our home had an attraction for each child in our family plus others who also had learned that this was the day for home-made bread, rolls and cinnamon rolls--The odors permeated the entire house--butter and home-made jelly added to the enjoyment.

Unfortunately, "Mimmie" never wrote out her recipes for her breads so now they are only a memory.

I'm going through her recipe drawer and have found another of our favorites: "Grandma's tea cakes"--Grandma meant her grandmother Martin of Dillon County--These were the cookies baked for the children, cut out in different designs--At Christmas cut out and decorated as trees, wreathes or just sprinkled with colored sugar--I give it as I found it in her handwriting--

Grandma's Tea Cakes

2 cups sugar
1 cup butter
2 eggs
1/4 cup milk
vanilla and a little nutmeg

Mix the above ingredients--Add enough flour for stiff dough--Put in refrigerator over night--Roll thin and cook in fairly hot oven until brown. Laura Janette Quattlebaum

FROM BOTH OUR HOUSES

Mrs. Julian B. Cooper of Socastee sends a sweet potato pone from her grandmother, Mrs. William Page of Galivants Ferry and a blackberry cordial. Of the cordial, she writes, "An old recipe used before the popularity of Pepsi and Coca Cola...from Grandmother Cooper, Mrs. Thomas B. Cooper, Socastee."

SWEET POTATO PONE

4 c. (packed) grated raw sweet potato
1 c. sugar
1 c. syrup (cane)
1/2 stick butter (or margarine) melted
1 c. milk
1 egg
1/4 tsp. salt
Grated orange peel, to taste
Dash of nutmeg

Mix all ingredients together. Pour into greased pan and bake at 325 degrees until crust forms over top. Stir crust in and bake until new crust forms. Remove from oven. Let cool before serving. This dish is very good with baked pork. Keeps well in refrigerator.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL

2 lbs. sugar
1 gallon strained blackberry juice
1 quart of boiling water added

Let stand 24 hours, stirring occasionally. Add sugar, stir, seal and let stand 2 months. This is a nice summer drink served cold. A mint leaf in glass gives a different flavor. This may also be used in fruit cake instead of grape juice.

BIG POT

Low-country Big Pot is a fish stew popular with mullet fishermen. Fishing with a cast net is done after dark, and after this exercise, a big pot of stew is welcome.

The following recipe from years back comes from Thomas B. Cooper of Socastee. It is still enjoyed by the family. A small pot would never do for a group of hungry fishermen -- thus the name "Big Pot" -- cooked over a fire on the beach. (Ingredients may vary in quantity according to the need and the taste of the cook.)

Mullets, scaled, split and salted
Sweet potatoes, sliced
Salt pork, sliced or diced
Small amount of flour
Chopped onion
Red pepper (hot), chopped fine
(A heavy iron pot with cover for cooking over fire should be used.)

Fry salt pork, add flour and brown lightly with onion. Add water to make gravy. Add a layer of fish and a layer of potatoes with a little red pepper until pot is filled. If more water is needed, add just enough to steam properly, not enough to make gravy too thin. Cover and bring to a boil -- then keep a very low fire until potatoes are tender. Serve over corn pone or boiled rice. This recipe may vary in seasoning as the cook chooses -- a pinch more of "dis or dat." Of course a great amount of hot coffee is needed to complete the feast.

A MEDLEY OF RECEIPTS

The following four recipes of Carrie Mayo Dusenbury (1867-1928) were submitted by her daughter Frances, (Mrs. Charles T. Johnson) of Route 3, Florence.

SWEET POTATO BISCUITS

2 cups cooked strained sweet potatoes
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup shortening oil
1 tsp. baking powder
4 or more cups flour

Knead into soft dough. Mold into thin small biscuits. Bake in moderate oven. They burn easily.

CHICKEN & DUMPLINGS

Select plump fat hen, cover with water, salt, boil slowly until bones will slip out - about 1 1/2-2 hours.

Sift flour - about 2 quarts - in large mixing bowl. In center of flour make a hole. Add six tablespoon liquid and one cup boiling water. Knead dough - roll out in thin layers of crust - cut in strips. Let cool.

When chicken is removed from broth, add strips of crust a few at a time. When strips are fairly done, take up on a large pater. Cook until all strips are cooked.

Put a layer of crust strips in boiler, alternate with boneless chicken until all is in boiler. Pour broth over mixture. Simmer 15-20 minutes.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

2 quarts raw strawberries (blanche 3 minutes)
Strain - add 4 cups sugar, boil 5 minutes. Add red cake coloring - let set overnight. Pack next A.M. cold in jars. Seal.
Delicious and easy.

SHRIMP

4 slices bacon
1 cup raw rice
3 tbsp. butter
2 cups raw cleaned shrimp
Chopped celery and bell pepper
Flour to thicken (1 tbsp.)
Salt and pepper
Worcestershire Sauce

Fry bacon. Drain grease and add to water and cook rice in. Cook celery, bell pepper in pan where bacon cooked. Sprinkle boiled and cleaned shrimp with Worcestershire Sauce, salt and pepper. Cook until flour is done. Add cooked rice, serve hot.

CURIOUS CONCOCTIONS

FOR COLDS OR FLU

Mrs. Roberta Ward Rust quotes Sanders Green, colored man who has worked for the Wards since 1918 and cares for their property. He says sheep manure is the best in the world for babies' hives. Sanders has a power; he can put a spell on you. He told Roberta "The reason you get along so well is 'cause I pray for you every day." If a Negro does him wrong, something bad happens to him. He gave the Wards this prescription:

Heart leaves (wild ginger) as many as you can catch in your hand. Clean the leaves.

1 small pine bough - green broken from tree for turpentine. Clean the bough.

Sea myrtle - 1 double handful. Clean of all insects. 1 gallon of water.

Boil all together until you have 1/2 gallon of mixture. Drink 1 glass or 1 cup hot when going to bed for 3 nights.

ANOTHER BALSAM REMEDY (See I.R.Q. Vol. 4 No. 2, April 1970)

In Mrs. Jeanne C. Miller's notes on her great grandmother, Jane Norman (See IRQ Vol. 4 No. 2, Apr. '70), is a notation:

February is usually a beautiful month in the South - Already the snow drops - jonquils - and violets were blooming profusely in that wonderful flower garden - which produced many other things besides flowers -

Pomegranates - figs - were there - also a Balsam tree - from this unusual tree kept in a jar of alcohol - was a balm for cuts and wounds - and always ready for demand.

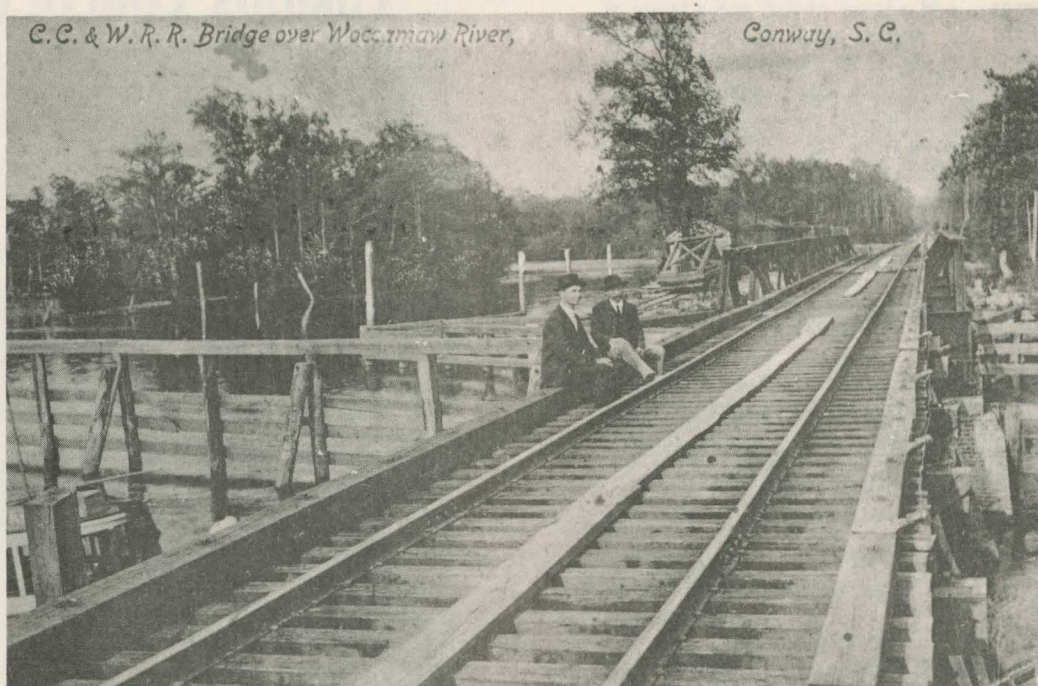
VENIE'S MIXTURE

Venie Hickman of Bucksport who helps Mrs. Minnie C. Jensen in THE FLOWER SHOP, Conway (See IRQ Vol. 3, No. 1, Jan '69), says when she was a child, her mama used to take a bough of pine needles, sea sage leaves (not the snowdrift of flowers), Life Everlasting (Life Everlasting which we also call rabbit tobacco), boil in water to fill a .2 qt. jar. She would give each child a dose at bedtime till his cold was cured.

YAUPON CASSENA

My mother told me that the Indians boiled our yaupon cassena (Ilex Vomitoria) leaves for a strong tea to induce nausea after drunkenness. Without drunkenness, one may brew a milder yaupon tea, not as an emetic, but for a refreshing drink.

Speaking of tea, my mother also told me that General Robert E. Lee was such a gentleman that once while dining at a home impoverished from the war, accepted an offer of a second glass of tea. Upon discovering that there was no more tea in her larder, the hostess sent to the river for a pitcher of water the same shade as her tea. The gentleman General quaffed his drink and called for more, stating that it was an excellent beverage!

**BRIDGE TO THE BEACH**

C. C. & W. R. R. Bridge over Waccamaw River, Conway. See Excerpts from the Burroughs Family, Page 6, this issue.

**MYRTLE BEACH'S SECOND DANCE PAVILION**

See "Myrtle Beach Then and Now", Page 12, this issue. About 1943 during World War II, this pavilion burned and the present one was built on the spot.